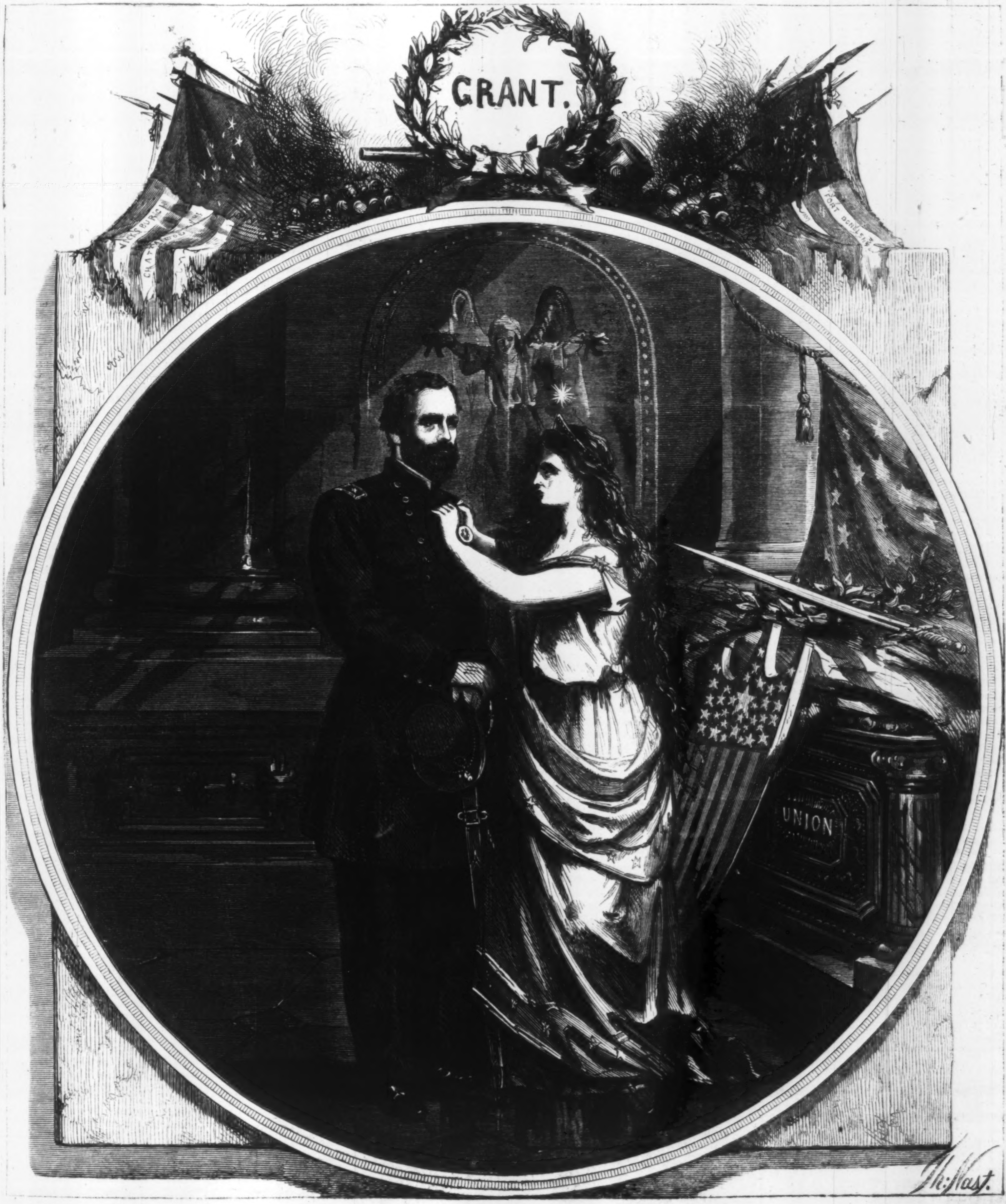
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VIII.—No. 371.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.


GRANT.
VICKSBURGH
CHATTANOOGA
FORT DONELSON
UNION
Th: Nast.

THANKS TO GRANT.—[See next Page.]

THANKS TO GRANT.

"*Be it resolved* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress be and they hereby are presented to Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, and through him to the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during the rebellion, for their gallantry and good conduct in the battles in which they have been engaged; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause a Gold Medal to be struck, with suitable emblems, devices, and inscriptions, to be presented to Major-General Grant.

"Section 2. *And be it further resolved*, That, when the said medal shall have been struck, the President shall cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed on parchment, and shall transmit the same, together with the said medal, to Major-General Grant, to be presented to him in the name of the people of the United States of America.

"Section 3. *And be it further resolved*, That a sufficient sum of money to carry this resolution into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated."

[Passed without opposition in both Houses: Approved by the President and the Country.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 6, 1864.

[☞ Owing to some delay in the transmission of the advance sheets of Mr. Charles Dickens's paper, we are obliged to omit, in the present Number, the continuation of the story, "A White Hand and a Black Thumb." The story will be continued in our next Number, and will be regularly published until its completion.]

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE correspondence of the State Department, now published, shows how industrious Secretary Seward has been. The two most interesting points in it, of course, are the question of the English rebel rams and the French conquest of Mexico. Mr. Seward treats the first with firmness, ability, and skill. The sailing of the rams would have been undoubtedly a cause of war; for, as Mr. Seward well and plainly says to Mr. Adams, on the 5th of October, 1863: "The resistance of foreign aggression by all the means in our power, and at the hazard, if need be, of the national life itself, is the one point of policy on which the American people seem to be unanimous, and in complete harmony with the President." It was doubtless the continued success of our arms, supported by the most unflinching statement of this truth by Mr. Adams, which brought from Lord Russell, on the 8th of September, 1863, the extremely curt and crisp announcement that the rams would not sail. Throughout the correspondence Mr. Adams appears in the best light: prompt, calm, sagacious, persistent; nor has Lord Russell the least reason to congratulate himself upon any advantage in argument, comprehension, or temper.

The treatment of the Mexican question with France required of Mr. Seward not only firmness but adroitness. For, counting upon our defeat, Louis Napoleon has conquered and is occupying Mexico. It is a step already taken. His dilemma is obvious: how to remain with safety, or how to retreat with honor. Our question is not less embarrassing: how to assert our traditional policy so as to persuade him that he had better withdraw. It is not an easy task. The Secretary states our policy thus: The United States have no right nor wish to interfere in the war between France and Mexico; but they believe that free institutions in the nations around them are essential to their own safety, and if France should adopt an adverse policy there would be great risk of serious collision between her and this country. On the 23d of October, 1863, Mr. Seward writes that this Government does not consider the war in Mexico ended, nor the Mexican Government with which it has friendly relations overthrown. Therefore it can not entertain any question of a new Government, but will recognize the sovereignty and independence of the Mexican people in whatever form that people may choose, in the exercise of an absolute freedom, to manifest them.

This is rather foggy. Does it mean that if they choose to manifest them in the form of an Austrian empire upheld by French bayonets that it will recognize it? Or does it mean that the choice of an empire will be regarded as proof that absolute freedom of election has not been exercised? Or is it left purposely foggy? It is not satisfactory, and is very probably not meant to be.

We wish that Mr. Seward could have omitted one or two phrases in the French correspondence, and that, without losing the tone of diplomatic courtesy, he could have avoided all taint of obsequiousness. Surely there was no need of saying that Louis Napoleon assumed the reins of empire in France "in obedience to her voice," because the empire was notoriously a *coup d'état*. If his subsequent election was the result of an absolute freedom of choice, Mr. Seward can not refuse to acknowledge the same thing in Mexico, and recognize Maximilian as assuming the reins of empire "in obedience to her voice." Then, is it quite worthy the Secretary of State to present to Spain the continued enjoyment of slavery in Cuba as the reward of friendship for the United States? If we had no other inducement to offer her, wouldn't it be better to take the risk of her hostility?

These are blemishes in a very able and remarkable diplomatic correspondence.

PRIDE AND SENSITIVENESS.

The "Life of General Butler," by Mr. Parton, will show the interested reader why Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who was sent to New Orleans to investigate the General's conduct of affairs, so constantly thwarted that most able and skillful officer, and so invariably favored the enemies of his country and Government. He has made a speech in the Senate of the United States, and incidentally drops the explanation. It is because he considers the rebels "proud and sensitive." That the pride of the Government of the United States requires that the rebellion be so subdued that it may not burst forth again does not seem to occur to him. That the loyal people of the land may be quite as "sensitive" as rebel slaveholders is a fact he has yet to learn.

Does Mr. Senator Reverdy Johnson really think that the time has not gone by for the ancient and foolish twaddle about the "high spirit," the "gentlemanly tone," the "pride," and the "sensitiveness," of men who sell their own and other people's children? That in every condition of society which is barbarous, and slavery is the distinctive sign of barbarism, there should be a certain heat and fierceness of feeling, is attested by universal experience. The chiefs are always impatient of control, dictatorial, self-indulgent, dogmatic. They use the club, the bowie-knife, or the pistol, upon the least occasion. But why should a man like Mr. Johnson, who has had the advantage of mingling with a society of which respect for human rights is a cardinal principle, permit himself to repeat these phrases which are now as ludicrous as they are obsolete? Does this worthy and belated Senator really think that Charles Stuart was a man of higher "pride" than John Hampden, or that Strafford was more "sensitive" than Pym? The Southern people, who are not rebel leaders, may be an honest folk; but tickling the "proud and sensitive" nerves of slave masters is not the business which the American people now has in hand.

A LOUD CRY.

Our view of the rebel prospects has received most striking confirmation in the tone of all the public as well as private news lately received from the seat of insurrection. The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* has, indeed, one very striking article, in which it sets forth the astounding fact that the rebel Congress is controlled by members from States which do not belong to the Confederacy. Representatives from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, impose, according to the *Standard*, "odious and oppressive laws," which can no more be enforced upon the people of those States than upon those of New York or New England!

Here is representative government with a vengeance! Here is a paradise of the people for which it was worth while to break away from the "Yankee despotism!" The rebel Congress, composed as we have stated, decrees taxes, impressments, and conscriptions upon the people of North Carolina, for instance, which it can not enforce in half of what is called "the Confederacy;" and unless we suppose a higher than the average degree of devotion to the rebellion upon the part of North Carolina, it will be presently taking steps, as the *Standard* says, to "protect her children."

It is very plain, from testimony of many kinds, that the mind of the deluded and betrayed Southern population is beginning to awake. They see that the world has gone on without Southern cotton for three years. They see that the secession which was to bring them such peace and prosperity has brought them untold woe. They see that the European powers, which were sure to acknowledge them, turn a colder shoulder than ever. They see their domain contracting; their families starving or carried off; trade at an end; industry only supporting an army which feeds upon them, and into whose ranks they are forced. They see their slaves freed, escaping, and restive. They see their soil saturated with the blood of their own children; and they see opposed to them a nation constantly reinforcing its armies, prospering and active and resolved, holding out to the people of the South the hand of fellowship on such terms as no honorable men will persistently reject. How long is this likely to continue?

The hold of the leaders of the rebellion upon the people is very tenacious, and its tenure is Slavery. For however wretched and poor the whites may be, just in the degree of their ignorance will they be content, so long as there is a proscribed race below them. Remove the proscription and you destroy their contentment. Remove the proscription and they turn upon their leaders and ask, "What are we fighting for? Without Slavery what is Southern Independence worth? And with Slavery are we not the most unmitigatedly wretched of American citizens?"

The very presence of our armies will teach them to ask these questions. We know, and the rebel chiefs know, and the Copperhead allies know, that to such questions there can be but one answer, and that these men will gladly agree that the Slavery which has enthralled them, and in which they had and could have no proprietary interest, shall be destroyed and forever. Then we shall have peace, and not before.

GENERAL BUTLER.

Mr. Parton's "Life of General Butler" is a very valuable contribution to the history of the war, because it is so vivid a portraiture of the most remarkable man, upon the whole, that the war has developed. When the struggle began it was natural to suppose that the Yankee genius would show itself in prompt and daring action, in a perfect equality to every unexpected occasion, and a general readiness, wit, and practical wisdom, which are always associated with the Yankee name. But certainly there has been a profound disappointment in this expectation. Sturdy, steady, patient heroism we have seen, and clear principle and unshrinking resolution, but the typical Yankee traits have been nowhere so plainly and constantly exhibited as in the career of General Butler.

In the winter of 1860–'61 he saw that the war was coming, and, parting with his late political allies, went home to prepare to fight them as traitors and rebels. He apprehended the scope of the struggle, and from the moment he occupied Annapolis until that in which he is intrusted with the settlement of the question of exchange of prisoners, his shrewd insight, his self-possession, his various knowledge, his mother-wit, and his good-humored heroism, have enabled him to meet every kind of difficulty, and solve it with a success so brilliant, that the public confidence in his genius and resources is profound and general.

The earlier parts of his military career in Maryland are very interesting, and are related with great spirit by Mr. Parton. That gentleman does not spare the military plans and conceptions of General Scott, and it is certainly amusing to read that while that General was maturing a grand programme for capturing Baltimore (as his successor did afterward, for bagging the whole rebellion), by which four columns of three thousand men each were to move simultaneously upon the city, General Butler advanced into the environs with a few companies, halted them, trotted with his staff into the city, and Baltimore was taken. It has been held from that moment. The solemn snubbing administered to General Butler from head-quarters at Washington read, under the circumstances, like chapters from Gil Blas. The worship and cant of "strategy" had already begun.

The capture of Baltimore was characteristic of General Butler's method. It is the application of common sense, heroism, and perception to the case in hand. His disposition of the practical question of slavery, as he met it at Fort Monroe, was another striking illustration. The slaves in his eye were "contraband of war;" thus, as Theodore Winthrop said, slavery was abolished by an epigram.

But the occupation and government of New Orleans is the most signal event in his history. Has the war produced another man who could have done that work? Whether with rebels, or conditional Union men, or slaves, or slaveholders, or foreign consuls; with sea-captains, silly women, Bank presidents, mayors, common councils, and merchants; with questions of law, of precedent, domestic, international, and foreign, of the most stern and summary justice or the wisest forbearance—he carries the same high humor, copious resource, and inexorable decision; so that there is no way left for rebels, who are baffled by him at every turn and in every wile, but to call him Beast, and set a price upon his head. Mr. Parton very plainly intimates that General Butler's decisive way of dealing with all rebels, and rebel accomplices, in New Orleans, tended to a disturbance of the equanimity of our foreign relations, which Mr. Seward was assiduously striving to maintain, and that the Secretary of State was really the cause of General Butler's removal from the Department of the Gulf. General Banks followed him, to try the policy of conciliation, which almost cost us Louisiana. That was a policy which General Butler never approved from the outbreak of the rebellion, for he was profoundly persuaded that in trying to tickle tigers you run tremendous risks. General Banks did not persevere, and Louisiana has been retained.

From his previous intimacy with the leaders of the rebellion General Butler has always comprehended the significance of the war. He knew it was a radical struggle in which one principle or the other must prevail. The leaders he knew to be daring and desperate. The people he knew to be deluded; and probably no man is less surprised than he by the course the war has taken. Of all our conspicuous actors in the struggle no one has thrown himself into it more heartily, intelligibly, and unreservedly; and although he is yet scarcely in the prime of life, the copious and delightful biography of Mr. Parton shows General Butler to be already one of the most original characters in our history.

THE BROWN CODE.

The new rebel conscription law, without which the insurgent armies can not be reinforced, makes Jefferson Davis as absolute a Dictator as ever Robespierre was in France. The Macon *Telegraph* in Georgia plainly exposes the scheme. By the law of Mr. Brown every able-bodied man in the Confederacy, including the rebel President, Senators, Governors, and Judges is to be impressed into the service. Then if the lame, and blind, and superannuated are not enough to do the work necessary for the support of the army, men are to be detailed from the army for the purpose.

But who is to detail them? The worthy President of the Confederacy! Thus he has it all in his own hands. He is to detail the governors, judges, merchants, farmers, senators! A more ludicrous plan was never proposed. It virtually puts the power over every person and all property into the hands of one irresponsible man. We commend this last stroke to the profound consideration of the foreign and domestic gentlemen who are fond of contrasting the far-reaching sagacity of the Southern statesman with the puerile plans of Lincoln's minions.

OLD DOGS.

Before the last Presidential election there were certain papers and orators who used to inform us that if we did not vote for Mr. Breckinridge, or if Mr. Lincoln were elected, the grass would grow in the city of New York. Mr. Lincoln *was* elected, but the grass has not yet started, except in the Central Park.

Now that another election approaches the same papers are beginning the same tune. If Mr. Lincoln is voted for this time blood is to flow, and the election is to end in universal massacre. Would people know how to avoid such terrible consequences, ask the wiseacres, vote for *our* candidate!

It does not seem to occur to these astute politicians that an election carried under any threat of this kind is simply the end of Government, and the failure of the Democratic principle. If we can avoid civil war only by voting for one man the election is a farce, and the one man would do us all a signal service if he quietly took possession of the Government without the form of an election.

These Bourbon gentlemen, who learn nothing from events, can not see that the game of carrying elections by terror is, for the present at least, ended. When the leaders, now in rebellion, used to shake their heads solemnly and say that if they could not have their own way "the South" would be compelled to dissolve the Union, the nation used to surrender, and they graciously permitted the Union to continue. Their organs at the North were so well broken to this kind of tactics that they can not emancipate themselves, and are beginning, in the old way, to threaten the horrors that will befall us if we elect a President who pleases us.

There are certain old dogs in Italy which, long after they have lost their voices, still open their mouths fiercely and go through all the forms of barking. But they were never known to frighten any body.

LITERARY.

The many friends and former enthusiasts for Alexander Smith will be surprised by the limpid purity and simplicity of style with which he has written a book of essays in the character of a placid old man in the placid old village of "Dreamthorp" (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston), which gives the title to the book, which is most neatly printed and bound. There are twelve most pleasant, gossiping essays, not like Bacon's or Emerson's or Montaigne's, but ripe and quiet and sunny, and a great deal more genial and agreeable than the Rev. Mr. Boyd's. "Dreamthorp" is a charming book for the cars, or a frosty evening by the fire, or a summer day in the country. It still seems quite impossible that the author of a "Life Drama" should have written "Dreamthorp," but we are inclined to think that the liking for the latter will be more permanent and genuine.

In the "Life of William H. Prescott," by George Ticknor (Ticknor & Fields), we have a sumptuous quarto; a work typographically exquisite and unique in American book-making; the printers being Welch, Bigelow, & Co., at the University Press, Cambridge. It is the life of an amiable scholar and gentleman, whose misfortune in the practical loss of sight not only did not sour his natural kindliness of nature, but kindled his ambition, so that, devoting himself to historical composition, he became a famous author. It is a purely literary life, and is certainly very interesting, enriched with many letters from distinguished men of the time, and abounding in that personal anecdote and gossip, which, while they amuse the reader, most clearly illustrate the subject of the memoir. Fortunate in all but his partial blindness, in family, friends, worldly ease, he leaned to the soft, polished, conservative side of life; and throughout the tale you move in a society as select as the book is sumptuous. There is the rustle of silks and satins, the exchange of perfumed compliments and billet-doux; the steady stream of mutual incense on every hand; drawing-rooms, courts, high society; until cold winds, poverty, and the battle of life, seem simply incredible. Mr. Ticknor's long and entire intimacy with Mr. Prescott peculiarly fitted him for writing the life, the successive events of which he has apparently most faithfully narrated. It would have been pleasant to find that Mr. Prescott had the heroism of a great scholar; that he did not shrink from contact with public affairs at a time when no man of influence and talent should have refused to give his heartiest sympathy and service, after his kind, to his country; and to discover that he was never deluded by the dull indifference to human welfare which calls itself conservatism. But every scholar can not be Milton or Languet; and Prescott's gay, genial, and graceful nature, fitted for saloons, boudoirs, and libraries, went smiling and sparkling through life, faithfully devoted to his work, endeared to his friends, and making hosts of readers happy. In this beautiful volume we find many passages in which we of this Journal have a special interest; as in the sketch taken from the *Weekly* of February 12, 1859, recording a conversation with Mr. Prescott, shortly before his death, by the Reverend W. H. Milburn; and in the many, always friendly, allusions to his publishers in New York (who are also the publishers of this Journal). The relation upon both sides was always most pleasant, and as such relations are of necessity an important part of the life of an author, they have due remembrance from the biographer. If we say, at last, that the spirit of this biography is entirely congenial with that of its subject, have we not given it the highest praise?

A capital book for boys is "Days and Nights on the Battle-field" (Ticknor & Fields). It is written by "Carleton," the signature of Mr. Coffin, army correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. It describes the battle of Bull Run, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, with the battle of Shiloh, and other operations in the West, in a style so crisp, trenchant, and picturesque that no book is to be compared with it for giving an intelligent child a vivid conception of the war which shakes the country. The book is full of lively incident and shrewd observation. Its interest never flags, and it makes even the movement of battles intelligible. It is from such sources that the historian is to draw, and his elaborate touches will scarcely be more effective than these sketches of "Carleton."

[From the *Evening Post* of January 26.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—We have received the seventh volume of *Harper's Weekly*—for the eventful year 1863. It is a journal of the year, kept in the most interesting way, and as we turn over the pages we revive many now almost forgotten sensations, and see, bit by bit, how history has grown. Here we find "The *new* Commander of the Potomac army," General Meade; here, "*Colonel* Kilpatrick's charge," which made him presently a Brigadier-General; here, in pictures, for the most part drawn with admirable spirit, and clearly cut and printed, we live over again the siege and capture of Vicksburg, the battle of the iron-clads *Atlanta* and *Weehawken*, and many other scenes which posterity will read of admiringly.

The volume closed and bound up becomes history, but it would not be just to this publication to omit a remark on the influence which it has exerted during the year, and which it continues to exert. An illustrated journal like *Harper's Weekly*, which circulates, we have heard, over one hundred and twenty thousand copies per week, chiefly among families, and which has probably a million of readers, has necessarily a great influence in the country. The *Weekly* has consistently and very ably supported the Union, the Government, and the great principles to develop which the Union was founded. The publishers have shown themselves true and wise lovers of liberty, and sterling patriots. They have thrown the whole influence of their journal for the most vigorous and thorough prosecution of the war; and have ably and constantly supported every measure of the Administration calculated to put down the rebellion, and to destroy the cause of rebellion among us.

Unlike most illustrated journals, *Harper's Weekly* has displayed political and literary ability of a high order, as well as artistic merit. Its political discussions are sound, clear, and convincing, and have done their share to educate the American people to a right understanding of their dangers and duties. Thus complete in all the departments of an American family journal, *Harper's Weekly* has earned for itself a right to the title which it assumed seven years ago—"a journal of civilization."

In its specialty—illustrations of passing events—it is unsurpassed; and many of the pictures of the year do honor to the genius of the artists and engravers of this country. There is a snow scene in the current number of the *Weekly* (for January 30) which is worthy of a frame, and has more merit than many an oil painting of a similar scene. In fact, the war has done much to improve the art of designing and cutting wood engravings, and we find frequently wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* which we have not seen equaled in any European publication of the kind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 20. Mr. Brown presented a memorial from members of the Missouri Legislature against confirming the nomination of General Schofield as Major-General; the Senator spoke in sharp condemnation of the course of General Schofield as military commander in Missouri.—The Military Committee reported, with amendments, bill for a uniform ambulance system.—Resolutions were presented from the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, asking for a modification of the Reciprocity Treaty.—The President was asked to furnish information touching the recent conflagration at Santiago, Chili.—The Military Committee was instructed to report on the advantages of concentrated feed for horses and mules.—The resolution for a committee on the conduct of the war was passed, with the House amendment requiring an investigation into contracts.—The case of Mr. Bayard and the rule requiring a new oath from Senators came up. Mr. Collamer argued at length in favor of the rule, the object of which, he said, was to rid the Senate of members like those who, in 1861 and before, while holding seats, had plotted against the Government. If the Constitution was so framed that this could not be done, it was a total failure. Mr. Anthony followed, arguing in favor of the rule. Mr. Hendricks continued the debate. He had taken the oath, not because he thought it proper, but to silence the clamor that might arise if he refused. There was nothing in it particularly objectionable to him; but when the Senate proposed to make it a general rule, affecting all future applicants, he should oppose it. He thought that any man who came duly commissioned by his State had a right to a seat. He was determined that none of the leaders of the rebellion should have a seat in the Senate; but when the rebellion was crushed they would never seek a place in the Senate. He then went on to argue that this oath put obstructions in the way of reconstruction; denounced the policy of the President, and wished for such a mode of reconstruction as would allow of the return of the seceded States into the Union as friends, and not as enemies.——*January* 21. The Senatorial oath and Mr. Bayard's case was again brought up, and debated by Senators Johnson, Howard, and Foote; but no action was taken, except the rejection of an amendment offered by Mr. Powell, by 26 to 12.—The Senate adjourned until Monday, January 25.——*January* 25. The Judiciary Committee were discharged from the consideration of the resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis.—Mr. Sumner introduced resolution precluding admission to the bar in United States courts to all persons who shall not have taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1862.—The Secretary of War was directed to transmit orders and proclamations concerning elections issued by military authorities in Kentucky and Missouri.—Mr. Wilson asked for inquiry into the character of the heavy ordnance, and rifled guns, and all matters pertaining thereto.—Mr. Hale's resolution of inquiry into the affairs of the Naval Department was referred to a committee, Mr. Hale being chairman.—The Senatorial oath was brought up and debated, Senators Saulsbury and Doolittle speaking against Mr. Sumner's resolution. This resolution, offered December 18, to the effect that to the rules of the Senate should be added that every Senator should take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, was agreed to, 27 to 11.——*January* 26. Mr. Bayard addressed the Senate in reference to the new rule. He had thought that if it were adopted there was but one alternative, either to comply or to resign; he had become convinced that he had been partly in error; the rule had been judicially adopted, and was binding upon him to the extent of taking the oath; he should do this, and then resign the seat which he had held for thirteen years. The Senator then took the oath, resigned his seat, and retired from the hall. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, who now appeared for the first time, said that, while he doubted the policy of requiring the oath, he had no objection to it; he accordingly took it, as prescribed by the rule.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to print the official reports of the operations of our armies, and another to secure homesteads to persons engaged in the service of the United States: referred.—Mr. Davis's resolution calling for papers relative to the exchange of prisoners was adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was brought forward. A letter was read from Mr. Davis stating that, in offering these resolutions, he had no purpose to incite the army to mutiny or the people to sedition or violence; but it was to exhort the whole people, North and South, to terminate the war by a Constitutional settlement of their difficulties, and the reconstruction of the Union; and the resolutions would not fairly admit of any other construction. Mr. Howard moved to substitute "shall be censured" in place of "expelled;" in the course of his speech he paid a high personal compliment to the Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Johnson followed, denying that the resolutions, taken together, contained any thing treasonable, and the motion for expulsion was based upon supposed traitorous utterances; he spoke in favor of the right of opposition to the policy of Government, and in favor of freedom of debate: the subject was postponed till next day.

HOUSE.—*January* 20. Mr. Schenck introduced a bill to equalize grades of line officers in the Navy: referred to Committee on Naval Affairs.—The proposed amendments to the Confiscation act were brought up, and a desultory debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Voorhees expressed the determination of the Opposition members to debate the question at length; and Mr. Sweat, of Maine, declared that it was not the purpose of the Opposition to embarrass the Administration, but to aid it in putting down the rebellion; when that was done, let all the States come back and welcome, and let all questions in dispute be settled by the proper judicial tribunals. He did not believe that any power had the right to blot out States or State lines.—The Revenue bill came up. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Fernando Wood to the effect that all spirits on hand for sale, whether distilled before or since the passage of the act, shall pay the duties prescribed by this act: adopted, 85 to 30. Another amendment imposing 20 cents per gallon additional upon all spirits into which matter has been infused so that they are sold as brandy, rum, wine, etc., was adopted. Another amendment, providing that upon all cotton which now pays one-half cent per pound, an additional cent and a half be imposed, was adopted.——*January* 21. A new Committee was ordered, to which should be referred all communications on the subject of a uniform system of coinage, weights, and measures.—The joint resolution amending the Confiscation act was brought up and debated; but no action was taken.—The Revenue bill was then taken up. An amendment was agreed to, taxing all cotton in the hands of manufacturers, heretofore exempt, two cents a pound; and another providing that all spirits imported previous to the passage of the act shall pay an additional duty of 40 cents per gallon. The whole bill, as thus amended, was reported, and together, with a substitute proposed by Mr. Stevens, was ordered to be printed, as preliminary to further action.——*January* 22. The Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures was appointed, Mr. Kasson chairman.—The Internal Revenue bill was brought up. Mr. Stevens's substitute was rejected by 100 to 51; the amended bill of the Committee was then passed by 87 to 68; its main features are a tax of 60 cents per gallon on all first proof spirits; twenty-five cents additional upon liquors composed of whisky flavored so as to sell for brandy, rum, wine, etc.; upon imported spirits an additional tax of forty cents per gallon, first proof, as levied. Upon cotton the entire tax is two cents a pound: upon that in the hands of manufacturers and dealers, upon which one-half cent has been paid, the additional one and a half cents is imposed.—The resolution amending the Confiscation act was brought up and debated, but no definite action was taken.—Mr. Ward offered a resolution to the effect that all officers and soldiers honorably discharged for any reason within two years from enlistment, should receive the same bounties as those discharged after two years' service: referred to Committee on Military affairs.—House adjourned till Monday, January 25.——*January* 25. After the introduction of several bills, which were referred to appropriate committees, Mr. Holman offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to introduce a bill for increasing the pay of soldiers; a motion to lay it on the table was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and the resolution was referred.—Resolutions were offered by Mr. M'Dowell censuring the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and by Mr. Edgerton affirming the "Crittenden resolutions" to be the basis on which the war should be conducted, condemning the assumption of power by the Executive, and deprecating all revolutionary measures: debate arising, these two series of resolutions were laid over.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the bill, with amendments, reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General. The substance is, that the President may appoint from among the Major-Generals, by the advice and consent of the Senate, a commander-in-chief, who shall receive the pay and allowances provided for by existing laws; but the rank, pay, and allowances of General Scott, shall not be affected by the bill: the consideration of this bill was postponed for a week.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the Enrollment bill, with amendments: postponed.—A general debate ensued upon the bill providing for deficiencies in Appropriations. The debate took a personal turn. Mr. Brooks, of New York, spoke against the President's proclamation; Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, said that the life-blood of the rebellion was drawn from African slavery, and that whenever we tap this fountain our efforts will be successful. Mr. Mallory, of the same State, protested against the sentiments of his colleague; Kentucky, he said, scorns them: he was, however, in favor of carrying on the war with all the power conferred by the Constitution; he would destroy the rebel army, and reduce the rebels to obedience; then he hoped private property would be spared, and the people of the South could come back to their allegiance. Mr. Wadsworth, also of Kentucky, censured Mr. Smith for voting for Mr. Colfax as Speaker; Mr. Smith rejoined, defending his vote; no "War Democrat," he said, had been put in nomination, and his vote had been indorsed by men who owned more negroes than himself and his accusers put together.——*January* 26. The joint resolution amendatory of the Confiscation act was brought up. Mr. F. Wood argued against the constitutionality of confiscation, so far as it deprived the heirs of persons attainted of treason of their fee in real property.—The joint resolution from the Senate, thanking Generals Hooker, Meade, Howard, and Banks, and their armies, and Mr. Vanderbilt, was passed.—An amendment to the Deficiency bill was passed, 71 to 37, that no money be expended on the Capitol and Treasury extensions, except what may be necessary to preserve the buildings from injury.—Mr. Allen offered an amendment to the Naval appropriation bill, that seamen should be paid in gold or its equivalent; a personal discussion ensued, but no action was taken.

EAST TENNESSEE.

Longstreet, it is reported, has been reinforced by as many as 20,000 troops from Lee's army, and is preparing to move on Knoxville. The rebel army at Dalton, Georgia, is estimated at 30,000. The communication between Chattanooga and Knoxville is threatened by guerrillas, probably under Morgan. Re-enlisting regiments are continually leaving on furlough, their places being promptly taken by new recruits.

The President's Amnesty Proclamation, in East Tennessee, as in all other portions of the Confederacy, seems to have its designed effect upon the rebel soldiers. We have now the most indubitable assurance that this is the case, as General Longstreet himself has lately, in an official correspondence with General Foster, bitterly complained of the conduct of the latter in circulating this document among the Confederate soldiers, causing desertion and disaffection, and suggested that the proclamation should have circulated through himself or not at all. Foster replied by sending Longstreet twenty copies for circulation, agreeing with him that the proclamation exactly meant the return of the disaffected to their allegiance, and the restoration of peace.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The opposition to the Confederate Government, in North Carolina, is reaching its culminating point. The proposed conscription of all citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty, and the exactions threatened against all holders of property, reveal too clearly the present desperate crisis of the rebellion. "We are now," says the Raleigh *Standard*, "reaping the bitter fruits of 'peaceable secession' in forcing from their once happy and peaceful homes into the army all from eighteen to forty-five years of age to be driven to the slaughter like oxen to the shambles. And to fill up the thinned ranks the present Congress now has before it the monstrous proposition to conscript all from sixteen to fifty-five years of age and make them subject to military law, which the Richmond *Examiner* boldly denounces as nothing less than an attempt to make Mr. Davis Dictator. If the independence of the Confederacy can not be achieved by the strength of our population up to forty-five years of age, it is clear to any reflecting mind that it will not be done by placing in the army the few left, upon whose labor all are dependent for food." The people of the State have called a convention for the purpose of seceding from the Southern Confederacy.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The shelling of Charleston from Fort Putnam is continued day and night, at intervals of ten minutes; the dense clouds of smoke rising from various portions of the city testify to the effectiveness of the bombardment.

The iron-clad fleet still remain off the harbor.

Pursuant to instructions from Washington, a circular has been issued respecting the purchase and culture of land in the vicinity of Beaufort and the neighboring islands. The President's instructions are that any loyal person who has resided for six months upon, or is engaged in cultivating any lands in that district, owned by the United States, may enter the same for pre-emption to the extent of one, or, at the option of the pre-emptor, two tracts of twenty acres each, paying therefor $1 25 per acre. Preference in all cases is given to heads of families, and to married women whose husbands are engaged in the service of the United States, or are necessarily absent. Soldiers, sailors, or marines, in service or honorably discharged, may pre-empt at the same rate, one tract if single, and if married, two tracts of twenty acres each.

This order of the President, it is supposed, will be most beneficent in its results.

ARKANSAS.

The Arkansas Delegation have succeeded in their mission, so that the restoration of civil government in that State, upon a plan similar to that adopted in Louisiana, may be looked upon as certain. The Convention lately held in Arkansas represented the State quite entirely. General Steele will soon order an election for State officers and members of the State Legislature.

FORTRESS MONROE.

General Butler has no idea of rusting in the service even in winter time. A dispatch has lately been received from him by Secretary Stanton, stating that General Graham, under his command, had made a successful raid up the James River, landing at a point on the peninsula below Fort Powhatan. The result of this expedition was the capture of twenty-two rebels, seven of them belonging to a signal corps; five Jews; ninety-nine negroes; a sloop and a schooner preparing to run the blockade with two hundred and forty boxes of tobacco; and the destruction of 24,000 pounds of pork and large quantities of oats and corn. General Graham returned without the loss of a man.

THE BLOCKADE.

According to Admiral Lee's Report the blockade of Wilmington is completely successful. The East Gulf squadron have captured three valuable prizes, viz.: the British schooner *Don Jose*, from Nassau; the bark *Roebuck*, from Havana to Mobile; and the sloop *Hancock*, taken off the Florida coast.—On the 31st of December the *Kennebec* captured the rebel steamer *Grey Jacket*, from Mobile to Havana, and on January 7th the schooner *John Scott*, just out of Mobile Bay, laden with cotton and turpentine.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Princess of Wales has been safely delivered of a prince at Frogmore.—Mr. Spence, in the London *Times*, expresses his conviction that the North will be unable to finish the war which she has undertaken, because her finances will not hold out for a sufficient length of time. The *Times* itself outdoes Mr. Spence, and declares that the distances over which our supplies must be transported will prove fatal to us; that when we advance from East Tennessee we shall have no longer a convenient railway and river system of communication, and that our gun-boats will be no longer of any use in the conflict. By this situation the necessities of nature are as much against us as they were against Napoleon in Russia.—In Paris the *Corps Legislatif* expressed in the most emphatic terms its sympathy with Poland. The Committee on Supplementary Credits earnestly warns Napoleon to desist from his Mexican enterprise. This expression seems to represent in great measure the sentiment of the French people.—The great centre of interest in Europe is the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, which seems quite certain to result in war. Austria and Prussia, according to the *Pays*, propose to occupy Schleswig. The London *Times* says that Germany, having to choose between war and revolution, will choose the former, and hints that she understands Lord Russell's desire for peace too well to mind his menacing epistles. This journal also advocates the policy of sending the British fleet to the Danish waters. The Federal army on the borders of Holstein is estimated at 60,000, and will probably be increased to 100,000.

MEXICO.

Unless Napoleon himself, moved by prudence, shall withdraw from Mexico, his invasion may be considered, so far as the conquest of the Mexicans is concerned, a complete success. Juarez has been compelled to fly; there is a strong popular sentiment in favor of an imperial establishment as the only means of restoring quiet to a troubled State; and Uraga and Doblado have very small success in their attempts to bolster up the opposition.

A correspondence of considerable interest took place on the 26th of December between General Dana, of Texas, and Governor Serna, of Tamuilpas. The latter, in order to be able to meet an anticipated attack on Matamoras, by Ruiaz, had made a forced loan on the citizens, including foreigners. Some American citizens were pressed by this demand, and one of these, Mr. Galvan, refusing to pay the sum of $10,000 levied on him, was imprisoned. General Dana, whose head-quarters were at Brownsville, on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, hearing of this extortion, immediately issued a command for his forces to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, with two days' rations, and seized all the ferry-boats and steamers on his side of the river, having in the mean time sent a letter to Governor Serna, assuring him that American citizens, unused to forced loans in their own country, would not submit to them in another until they ceased to be able to protect themselves, and demanding immediate restitution. The Governor immediately, with protestations of sincere friendship, etc., replied to General Dana that his request would be complied with, he having already given orders that no citizens of the United States should be molested in this or any other respect. Governor Serna no longer exercises the functions of his office at Matamoras.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following is the official list for the month of February of officers ordered upon duty from the Instruction Ship *Savannah*, at the New York Navy-yard.

ACTING ENSIGNS.

NAMES.	REPORTED.	WHERE ORDERED.	DATE OF ORDERS.
Geo. W. Garrison	Feb. 2, 1863	Mississippi Squadron	Mch. 11, 1863
M. V. B. Haines	" 2 "	" "	" 11 "
W. N. Price	" 3 "	U. S. brig *Perry*	Feb. 7 "
C. L. Meaney	" 7 "	Mississippi Squadron	Mch. 11 "
Geo. A. Smith	" 8 "	*Colorado*	Feb. 12 "
Geo. A. Smith	" 13 "	*E. B. Hale*	" 14 "

ACTING MASTER'S MATES.

Geo. Riley	Feb. 3, 1863	East Gulf Squadron	Mch. 5 1863
H. B. Colby	" 3 "	" "	" 5 "
J. T. Bowling	" 3 "	" "	" 5 "
T. F. Laycock	" 5 "	" "	" 5 "
J. W. Carey	" 7 "	Dismissed from Service	" 10 "
F. W. Turner	" 9 "	*Ottawa*	" 5 "
W. S. Barker	" 9 "	*Florida*	" 5 "
G. P. Bray	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
E. T. Dexter	" 10 "	*Cimmerone*, Phila.	" 6 "
C. A. Crawford	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
A. K. Brown	" 10 "	*Valley City*, Baltimore	" 7 "
C. H. Marble	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
J. B. Means	" 10 "	*Ticonderoga*	" 6 "
E. T. Strong	" 10 "	*Ticonderoga*	" 6 "
John Jones	" 10 "	*Valley City*, Baltimore	" 7 "
J. Richardson	" 10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 7 "
J. D. Reed	" 10 "	*Cimmerone*, Phila.	" 6 "
H. Sargeant	" 10 "	West Gulf Squadron	" 11 "
W. R. Pease	" 10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 7 "
C. A. Trundy	" 10 "	West Gulf Squadron	" 11 "
C. F. Loring	" 10 "	*Massachusetts*	" 11 "
T. W. Rack	" 10 "	*Florida*	" 5 "
C. Myers	" 11 "	*Circassian*	Feb. 19 "
H. D. Jones	" 13 "	West Gulf Squadron	Mch. 11 "
E. L. Bourne	" 18 "	" "	" 11 "
H. C. Neilds	" 18 "	" "	" 11 "
T. S. Werner	" 20 "	" "	" 11 "
F. L. Le Barron	" 23 "	" "	" 11 "
T. S. Ransom	" 25 "	" "	" 11 "
G. H. Dexter	" 25 "	" "	" 11 "
Leon Bryant	" 26 "	" "	" 11 "

The entire rebel navy contains 191 petty officers, 383 commissioned officers, and 877 seamen.

The blockade runners *Hero*, *Grey Jacket*, *Ranger*, *Bendigo*, *Don Jose*, *Roebuck*, *Hancock*, and *Dove* have been destroyed or captured within a few days.

Admiral LEE has charge of the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The work of raising the sunken monitors *Keokuk* and *Weehawken* is in progress, but not with rapid results, as the immense mass of metal in the hulls and guns requires machinery of extraordinary strength to move it.

General SCHOFIELD has been ordered to relieve General FOSTER in command of the Department of the Ohio, the latter officer not being sufficiently recovered from his wounds to continue his duties.

The Twenty-fifth Ohio (Veterans) are on their way home from Hilton Head on a furlough.

The Fifth Connecticut, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, Fifty-seventh New York, and Seventeenth Ohio Volunteers have arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, on their way home. The One Hundred and Second New York and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers passed through Indianapolis a few days since.

Within the last six weeks the following enormous sums as prize-money have been paid over by different lawyers and paymasters to sailors: one fore-topman got $6784; a main-topman got $7644; two able seamen belonging to the forecastle, got nearly $20,000, one receiving nine thousand and the other eleven thousand dollars, and landsmen have got as much. Messrs. WALDEN & WILLARD, 137 York Street, Brooklyn, have paid the following enormous sums to mere sailors:

E. Curvey, seaman	$5849 38
Henry Eason	3094 64
Jer. M'Kee	1217 84
James King	1700 87
E. Wilson	2784 00
J. Furlong	2851 00
J. Stanly	1161 37
N. Murphy	1927 00
J. J. Pryor received the enormous amount of	6777 00

Soldiers' clothing may be sent through the mail, in packages not exceeding two pounds in weight.

The mortality in the Chattanooga hospitals is about ninety deaths per week.

General BUTLER, it is said, is hopeful of being able to effect the exchange of all prisoners now pining in the Libey and Belle Isle prisons within a month, if not interfered with.

Major BYRNES, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers, has been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonel; and Adjutant R. J. WINTERBOTHAM, of Iowa, of the same regiment, a West Point graduate, will be appointed Major.

The gun-boat *Dragon*, of the Potomac flotilla, exploded her boiler last week, killing two men and wounding several. She is at the Washington Navy-yard for repairs.

The United States Hospital Transport *Cosmopolitan*, from Port Royal on the evening of the 21st, with 222 sick and wounded soldiers from General GILMORE'S Department, has arrived at New York.

The Army of the Potomac has not yet been paid off. It is expected that funds will be ready by the middle of the week. The amount required is six millions of dollars.

A dispatch from Cairo says that re-enlistments were taking place rapidly among the Western armies. Twenty thousand of the Seventeenth Army Corps have already re-enlisted, and it is reported that nearly all of the Sixteenth intend to remain in service.

General HUNTER has arrived at Cairo, and General SHERMAN has returned to Memphis from Vicksburg.

The order sending ROSECRANS to the Department of Missouri has been made out.

Colonel FISH, of the First Connecticut Cavalry, until recently Provost Marshal of Baltimore, has been arrested by order of the Secretary of War on a charge of fraud and corruption.

Brigadier-General GETTY, recently in command at Portsmouth, Virginia, has been assigned to duty as Chief Artillery on General MEADE'S staff.

General H. D. TERRY, with a brigade of the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac, is now at Johnson's Island, Sandusky, guarding the rebel prisoners.

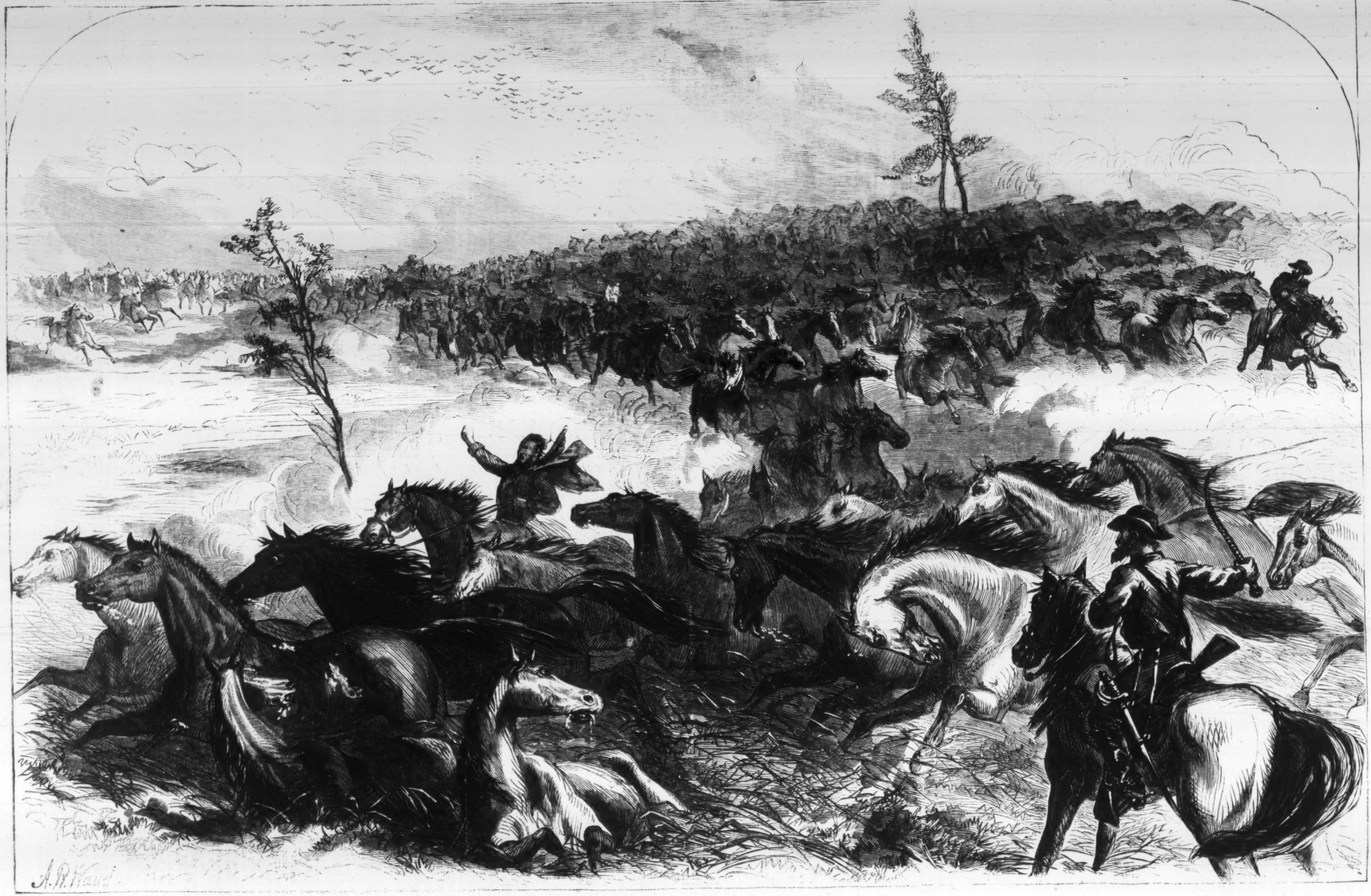
Major-General STONEMAN left Washington for Nashville on the 15th. He is ordered to report to Major-General GRANT for duty.

Major-General THOMAS has ordered that a National cemetery be founded at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in commemoration of the battles of Chattanooga, fought November 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, and to provide a proper resting-place for the remains of the brave men who fell upon the fields fought over upon those days, and for the remains of such as may hereafter give up their lives in that region in defending their country against treason and rebellion.

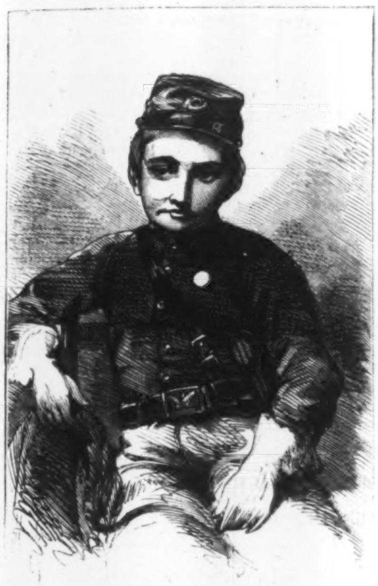
It is said that General AUGUR will be sent into the field, and that the command of the defenses of Washington will be given to General SICKLES.

The President has restored General M'CLERNAND to his rank, and ordered him to report to General BANKS.

Twenty-two Illinois regiments and two batteries have already reported as veteran troops, and re-enlistments are rapidly progressing.



A STAMPEDE OF ARMY HORSES.—[From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



SERGEANT JOHN CLEM.

OUR YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

SERGEANT JOHN CLEM, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is 12 years old, and small even for his age. His home is Newark, Ohio. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker of his regiment. The General, attracted by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day coming to his rooms at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chicamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel Colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out, "Stop, you little Yankee devil!" By way of answer the boy halted, brought his piece to "order," thus throwing the Colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to aim, fired, and the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor. He is now on duty at the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

THE "Nick-a-Jack" Cave near Chattanooga is one of the main sources from which the Confederates have derived the saltpeter required for the manufacture of powder. Its loss is deplored by the rebels as one of the most serious results of our victory at Chattanooga. Six or seven years ago this cave was visited by "Porte Crayon" (D. H. Strother, of Virginia, lately on the staff of General Banks, at New Orleans), the genial artist-correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*. From his description in that periodical for August, 1858, we quote the following:

> The cave is situated at the base of Raccoon Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the low grounds. In the face of a perpendicular cliff appeared the yawning mouth of Nick-a-Jack Cave. It is not arched as these caves usually are, but spanned by horizontal strata resting on square abutments at the sides, like the massive entablature of an Egyptian or Etruscan temple. From the opening issues a considerable stream, of a bright green color, and of sufficient volume to turn a saw-mill near at hand. The height of the cliff is about 70 feet, that of the opening 40 feet, and about 100 in width immediately at the entrance, and of this the stream occupies about one-third. The roof of the cave is square and smooth, like the ceiling of a room, but below, the passage is rough and irregular, with heaps of earth and huge angular masses of rock, making the exploration both difficult and dangerous.

"Porte Crayon" goes on to describe how the cave was formerly the resort of a gang of banditti, whose occupation was plundering and murdering the emigrants and traders who descended the Tennessee River, the cave furnishing a convenient hiding-place for their booty. Since he wrote this cave had fallen into the hands of a worse and more desperate gang, who used it for purposes still more nefarious, extracting from it abundant supplies of the "villainous saltpeter" required for the manufacture of powder for the Confederate States of America. It has now—thanks to Grant and Sherman—fallen into honest hands. Our illustration on this page, for which we are indebted to a photograph furnished by Mr. Morse, of Nashville, gives the present aspect of the cave, showing the ruins of the rebel Saltpeter Works.

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg, published in the New York papers of January 15, says:

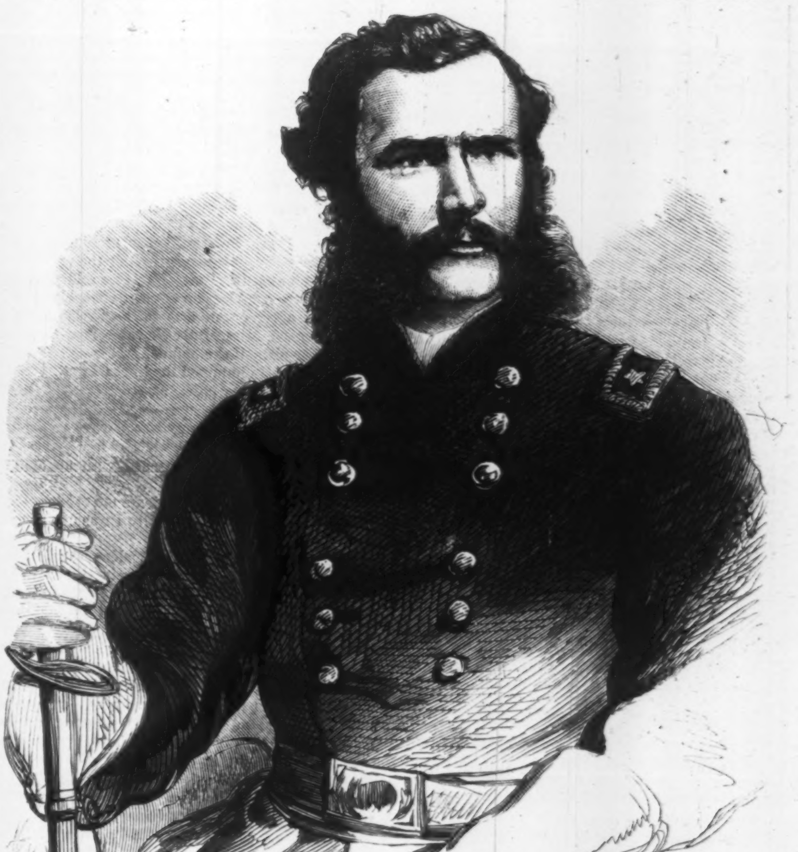
> The morning express train ran off the track, and two passenger cars were precipitated down the embankment, forty feet, and were destroyed by fire from the stoves. Several persons were injured, none of them seriously.

Our correspondent, who was on this train, and who furnishes us the sketch on page 92, writes:

> The cars made a clear leap of some forty feet into the bed of the Little Juniata River, and almost instantly caught fire, and were consumed. Some thirty out of fifty passengers were so severely injured as to be unable to care for themselves, while hardly one escaped unhurt. The good people of the town of Birmingham, and the country around, were soon on the spot, and exerted themselves in caring for the wounded, among whom were many soldiers returning home on furlough. We fortunately got out all the wounded before the fire reached them.

CAMP OF THE NEW YORK 103D.

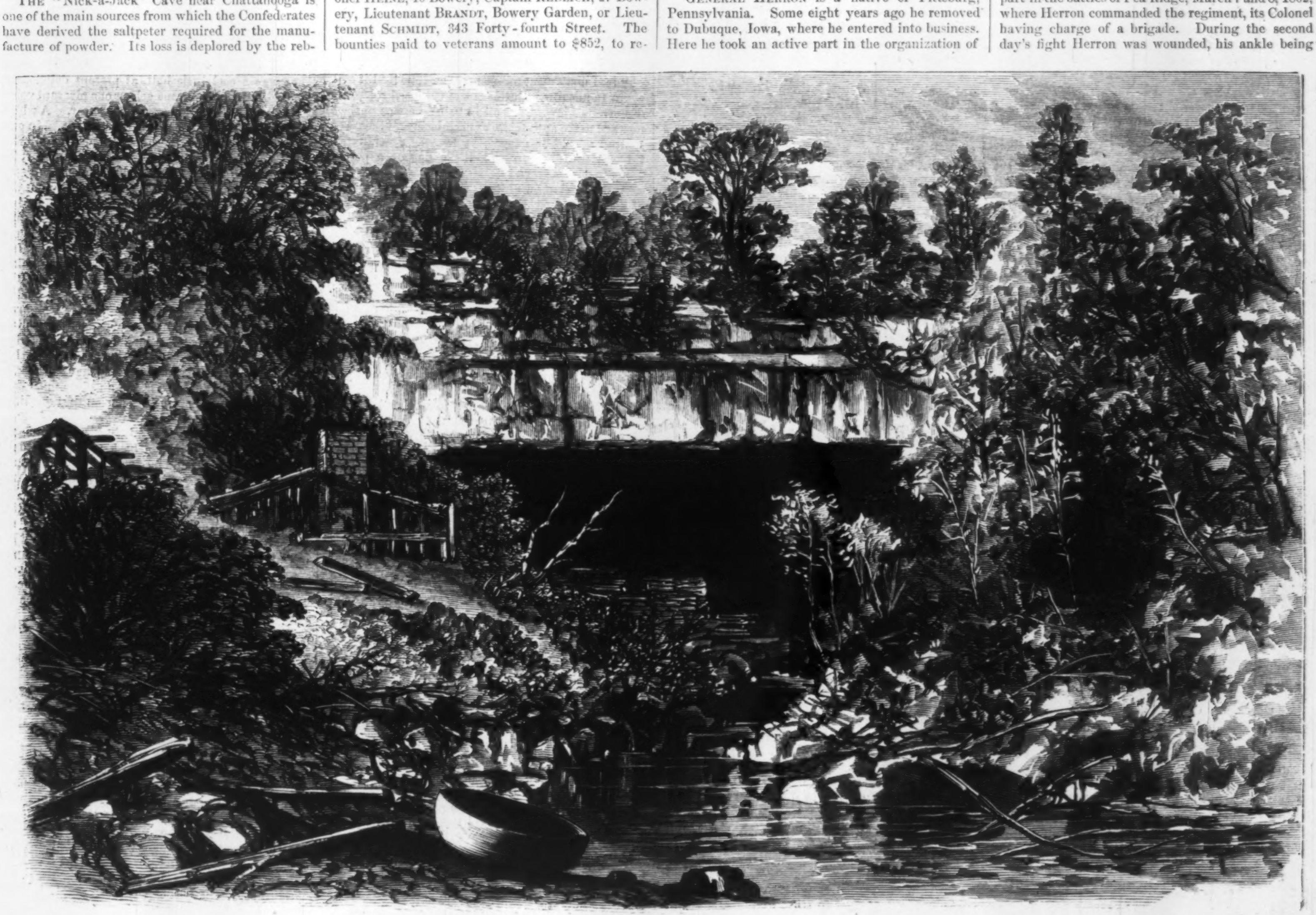
THIS regiment, known as the "Seward Infantry," has seen honorable service during the siege of Charleston. It is now recruiting in New York. Its rendezvous is at 218 Rivington Street, where applications for enrollment may be made, or to Colonel **HEINE**, 40 Bowery, Captain **REDLICH**, 27 Bowery, Lieutenant **BRANDT**, Bowery Garden, or Lieutenant **SCHMIDT**, 343 Forty-fourth Street. The bounties paid to veterans amount to $852, to recruits $677—$300 cash in hand. Their camp, represented on page 92, is on one of the islands near Charleston Harbor, in a very healthy location. The rations furnished are excellent and abundant. As their names evince, the officers of this regiment are Germans, and very likely to this is owing that, by special permission of the Commanding General, the national beverage, lager-bier, is allowed.



MAJOR-GENERAL HERRON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL FRANCIS J. HERRON.

GENERAL HERRON is a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Some eight years ago he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where he entered into business. Here he took an active part in the organization of the "Governor's Grays," which soon became one of the noted Companies of the Northwest. This Company, of which he was Captain, tendered their services to the Government in December, 1860. When the President's Proclamation calling for volunteers was put forth, the Grays became a part of the First Iowa Regiment, entering service in May, 1861. Captain Herron distinguished himself at the Battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, where Lyon fell. He then returned home and raised a three-years' regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. This was attached to Curtis's forces, and took part in the battles of Pea Ridge, March 7 and 8, 1862, where Herron commanded the regiment, its Colonel having charge of a brigade. During the second day's fight Herron was wounded, his ankle being



SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

broken by a cannon-shot, which killed his horse. Yet he led his men for an hour, until the enemy's batteries were reached. Here he was surrounded and taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged for the rebel Colonel Hebert. In July, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and at the Battle of Prairie Grove, December 7, he commanded two divisions, and though fighting against overwhelming odds, won the battle before reinforcements came up. Twenty days after he captured Van Buren, Arkansas. For his gallantry on these occasions he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, his commission dating from November 29, 1862. Early in 1863 Herron's divisions were sent to Vicksburg, and during the latter part of the siege they formed the left wing of Grant's army. After the fall of Vicksburg they were sent to New Orleans, where they operated in the Atchafalaya and other districts of Louisiana. Herron's health failing in October, 1863, he was relieved by General Dana. Herron, having recovered his health, has just gone to Texas, relieving Dana and assuming his old command on the 2d of January. If we can judge any thing from the antecedents of General Herron, we shall before long hear of his doings in the "Loan Star" State.

"WEEP THOU NO MORE!"

Weep thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:
In alien sympathy can be no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

O heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
O weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
'Midst their eternal music. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows no turning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light,
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again;
So slumber thou—in sleep forget thy pain:
White morn is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;
Thither thou driftest fast—weep thou no more!

MATTY ESMAINE'S RAFFLE.

"It's for the benefit of the sick soldiers, you know!"

Matty Esmaine was sitting on a low cricket in the very middle of the room, surrounded by a perfect maëlstrom of ribbon, and velvet, and winking steel beads and glimmering gold braid—a little Fairy Disorder, whose wand was a diminutive thimble, and whose magic ring was marked by rainbow scraps of silk and tangled masses of embroidery floss! She was small and rosy, with liquid brown eyes, and cheeks tinted with the pinky pearl of the trailing arbutus you sometimes find hidden under the rustling layers of old leaves in scented spring woods. And her auburn hair—well, it was looped up with cherry-colored ribbon into what ladies call a "waterfall," and very pretty it looked in its chestnut shadows that changed to ripples of gold at every motion of the head.

Ellen Esmaine, the sober, elder sister—who sat in the window seat, threading sprays of coral on silver-wire—was altogether different; not a bit pretty, but very fresh and plump and lovable; and the demure way in which she watched Matty's elfish movements, as a grown-up catling might tolerate a little kitten's freaks, was a sight to see! And Montague Rayner, sitting "at anchor" in a small clear space in the sea of frippery, was occupied in holding a skein of violet silk for the younger Miss Esmaine to wind. Of course he was dreadfully clumsy about it, perpetually dropping the ends, and catching his great thumbs in the meshes, and committing every *faux pas* that could be dreamed of in connection with a skein of violet silk; but then he enjoyed it so intensely that Matty hadn't the heart to depose him from his position as swifts, *pro tem.!*

"For the sick soldiers, eh?" said Mr. Rayner. "And aren't the *well* soldiers to derive any emolument therefrom?"

"Of course not; they don't need it."

"Don't they? I tell you what, Miss Matty—if you could be on picket-duty a night or two, or carry a knapsack up and down the muddy Fairfax hills ten or twelve hours, on a forced march, you might possibly alter your opinion on the subject of well soldiers being the most fortunate creatures in existence. Hallo! what's the matter?"

Matty had given a small deprecating shriek as Montague snapped the strands of violet silk in his enthusiasm.

"Nothing," said Miss Esmaine, dryly, taking the skein from him. Venus! what a sensation ran through him as the soft, rosy fingers touched his brown paws. "Only I prefer two chairs to finish this silk."

"Indeed, Miss Matty, I'm very sorry," said Montague, penitently. "Just let me try once more; I'll promise to keep my hands as still as mice. I know I'm a clumsy blockhead; but—"

But Matty was inexorable, and the abashed defender of his country withdrew his batteries, and opened fire in a new spot.

"I suppose the girls and women are making heaps of gim-cracks for this fair, eh?"

"To be sure they are," said Matty, her eyes sparkling. "Such a lot of money as we shall make. There are to be seven different raffles, only think! Mrs. Vere gives a piano to be raffled for; and Kate Windham contributes a cashmere shawl, a love of a real India; and Major Hall has given us a silver dressing-case; and, oh dear!" sighed Matty, stopping in the very act of sewing spots of gold foil upon the blue velvet wings of a gorgeous butterfly that was to be put down in the catalogue as a "Pen-wiper, No. 18"—"if I could only give them something better worth having than these ridiculous little gewgaws!"

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Rayner, twisting his mustache argumentatively.

"Why don't I?" flashed Matty; "what have I to give? If I had a piano I'd sacrifice it in a minute. If I owned a sewing-machine I'd send it down to be raffled for to-morrow!"

"Indeed!" said Private Rayner, arching his eyebrows satirically, "I'm surprised at the extent of Miss Esmaine's patriotism. While we soldiers only contribute the vital stream of our heart's-blood, or, it may be, a leg or an arm to the shrine of our country's need, Miss Matty Esmaine is willing to give up her piano if she had one."

And he lightly hummed the lines:

"I'd like to aid the soldiers
If I could as well as not,
And I'm willing every body else
Should give them all they've got!"

Matty's cheeks had crimsoned with an angry glow.

"Montague! how can you tease me so?"

"Am I teasing you? Really I was not aware of it."

"To taunt me with papa's slender means, when you know I would give any thing in the world to aid the noble fellows who have fallen maimed on our battle-fields, or make any sacrifice that lay within my power!"

"Then you really feel anxious to raise money for this fund?"

"I can not tell you *how* anxious!" said Matty Esmaine, with passionate earnestness. "I have wished a thousand times that I were a man to shoulder the rifle my own self; but I am only a poor little woman that can but toil and pray for the great work in the quiet of her own home."

"I can give you an idea," said the young man, watching her with a half smile on his lips. "Did you know that you possessed a treasure worth a dozen pianos?"

"Now you are teasing me again," said Matty, with a quivering lip.

"No, I am not. If you will contribute it to be raffled for—as you ladies say in reference to your genteel lotteries—I believe I may safely promise that you will sell fifty tickets at ten dollars a ticket!"

"Fifty!" repeated Matty, counting on her fingers with girlish delight; "at ten dollars! Why, that would be five hundred dollars!"

"Of course it would."

"What on earth do you mean, Montague Rayner?" said Ellen Esmaine, suspending her silver wire in mid-air.

"Just exactly what I say."

Matty dropped her work, while cheek and eye lighted up in bright unison. The next moment her countenance fell.

"Montague, you ought not to play on my credulity in this absurd sort of way."

"Shall I tell you what the treasure is?"

"Yes."

He leaned over and whispered a word or two in her ear. She blushed rosier than the ribbon that tied up the "waterfall," and then burst into a merry, musical laugh.

"I don't care," she said, defiantly. "I *will*."

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. Why not?"

"Then," said Mr. Montague Rayner, drawing a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, "put me down as ticket-holder number one."

Miss Esmaine deposited the bit of paper in a little wire cage that she called her purse, and made a business-like memorandum of the transaction on her tablets.

"Very well, Sir," she said, quietly. "And now I depend on you for the other forty-nine subscribers."

"But I should like to take a few more tickets myself," said Montague, rather sheepishly.

"*No*, Sir!" said Miss Esmaine, with an emphatic stamp of her little kid boot on the floor. "No one shall purchase more than one share! So now I dismiss you to your agency duties."

Montague was rather unwilling to take his departure on this unceremonious ticket of leave, but Matty was to be melted neither by supplications nor sulks, and he went.

Went muttering to himself as he lighted his cigar on the street corner,

"What a little, loving, fiery, tender, passionate creature it is! Well, if I can't marry Matty Esmaine I'll ram my head into the first wide-mouthed cannon Jeff Davis is considerate enough to plant in my way. And *then* it's likely she won't care! Heigh-ho! I'd give my first chance for a pair of shoulder straps to get a peep into Matty Esmaine's heart! I wonder whether Eve aggravated Adam after this fashion!"

Most probably she did, Private Rayner. We have no reason to suppose that human nature has been materially changed by the current even of six thousand years.

"Why, yes—yes," said Mr. Josiah Carberry, vigorously rubbing the gold eye-glasses that assisted his fading vision, and giving his wig a sly jerk; "I've no objection to contributing my humble mite to so deserving a cause. I wish there weren't so many bothering women folks at the helm, though, Montague, my boy. Of all things a managing woman is my abhorrence—I don't like to come in contact with 'em if I can help it. And I'm consistent too, Monty—ha, ha, ha! Do you know who darns my stockings and boils my coffee, eh? Why, Black Tom—and he's worth forty housekeepers with their petticoats and their palavering! Ain't that carrying out one's principles, hey? However, I've no objections to go through this Fair with you if you'll engage to stick by me, and keep all the old maids and widows away."

And Mr. Carberry walked solemnly under the canopy of stars and stripes that draped the entrance to the brilliantly-lighted rooms, now thronged with gay guests attracted thither by mingled motives of fashion, curiosity, and patriotism, arm in arm with Montague Rayner.

"Mont, my boy," he whispered, aghast, "there's a woman looking very hard at me. Do you suppose she means any thing? I wish I had staid away—it isn't—"

"Buy something, Sir?" said a charming siren, in blue silk and swans-down, from behind a table glittering with crystallized sugar and colored confectionery. Mr. Carberry shrank up close to Montague's side.

"Look here, Mont," he ejaculated, nervously, "you've got me into this scrape, and you must get me out of it. Tell that female I don't want any thing!"

"But you'll buy something to help the Cause along!" laughed his companion.

"Any thing—every thing! Only, Montague, you tell me how to invest, and do be quick about it! Somehow I can't breathe freely when there's so many women around!"

"Then suppose you buy a ticket for Miss Esmaine's raffle. Come—I'm on the managing Committee, and there's just one left."

"What's it for? A harpsichord that I can't play on, or a jiggering bonnet that I can't wear?"

"Nonsense, Carberry," returned Rayner, with great equanimity; "it's something beyond money and beyond price—a wonderful mystery. Invest, and you'll not regret it. Take share No. 50, old fellow—come!"

He had inscribed Carberry's name on the list, and handed it to Ellen Esmaine before the astonished old bachelor could take the bank-bill from his portemonnaie.

"*Now* you've done it," was his despairing comment, as he looked after his friend's vanishing form. "Mind now, *I'm* not responsible; if it's a dog I won't have it, and if it's a piano or a big wax doll I'll shy it out of the window."

"Just as you please, Carberry," said Rayner, absently watching the busy swarm of people that eddied round Ellen Esmaine's table. The old bachelor gave him a sudden nudge.

"Mont! Mont!" he whispered, in evident trepidation, "let's go away from here; that woman with the pink cap-ribbons has looked at me twice, and I can't imagine what her intentions are. She's coming this way, Mont; do make haste!"

"They are beginning to turn the wheel!" suddenly exclaimed Montague, who had paid no manner of attention to his friend's spasmodic whispers. "This way, quick! Good Heavens! if my mad freak should make *her* miserable for life!"

"Make who? What wheel? Who the deuce are you talking about?" ejaculated Carberry. But Rayner dragged him through the crowd, crinoline and all, to the spot where all his interests were centred—the slowly revolving wheel that was a destiny to him!

The gaslights seemed to whirl in mad circles around his head; the various exclamations of the surrounding crowd blended into one stream of vague, uncertain sound; the five minutes were like five ages to him!

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then the lucky name and number were pronounced.

"Carberry—Josiah Carberry—Share No. 50, has drawn the prize," said the spectacled secretary. "Walk in, Sir, and take possession."

"I—I don't want to—some other time! I'll call again to-morrow," stuttered the confused recipient of Fortune's favors, but all in vain; he was pushed forward to the ante-room, expostulating all the way. "Mind now!" he gasped, as he was precipitated through the doorway, "if it's a dog or a parrot I'll—"

And the clanging hinges shut in the remainder of his speech.

It was a tiny room, with one chandelier pouring white tides of light down on a fair young girl, who stood laughing and coloring in the middle of the apartment—Matty Esmaine's dimpled, pretty self.

"Miss Esmaine!" faltered the blushing bachelor, looking round to see if there was any crack in the floor wide enough to vanish through, and backing confusedly toward the door.

"Yes, Mr. Carberry," said Matty, demurely; catch a woman bating one jot of her advantages when she knows 'em. "*I'm* the prize; won't you take me?"

"I'd sooner take—poison!" enunciated Josiah, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"But you *must!*" said Miss Matty, decidedly.

"Don't, Miss Esmaine," groaned Josiah. "I'm a poor unprotected fellow, and you oughtn't to be so unmerciful! Hallo here! let me out."

"Not yet," said Montague Rayner, edging himself into the room, greatly to Miss Matty's confusion. "You've drawn the prize, Mr. Carberry, and you're legally bound to take possession of it."

Josiah stared at him with distended eyes, and pale, quivering lips.

"Unless," went on the ruthless private, "you can get some friend considerate enough to take the responsibility off your hands, and—"

"Look here, Mont," exclaimed Josiah, seizing Rayner by the button-hole; "you're not the fellow to desert an old friend in such a strait as this. It was all your fault that I subscribed, and—and—Come now, *you* take her; there's a good fellow. *Do.*"

"You legally transfer the prize to me?"

"Yes; any thing—only let me out of this confounded place, and if ever I go near a Ladies' Fair again I wish I may be hanged or married, I don't much care which."

And Josiah darted from the room in a species of semi-desperation. Private Rayner turned quietly to Miss Esmaine:

"A truce to these absurd jests! Oh, Matty, if you knew what I have suffered during the last hour!"

"I knew you would take care of me," said Matty, mischievously. "Wasn't Mr. Carberry frightened, though?"

"Do you sanction the transfer, Matty?" pleaded the young soldier. "Oh, my dearest, tell me, have I won you for life? Don't trifle with me. Tell me, now and forever, have you courage to be a soldier's wife?"

One moment she looked at him with saucy defiance in her eye and smile, the next she burst into a shower of jewel-bright tears.

"Oh, Montague, it is a wild, wayward heart, not worth your love—not worth a tithe of your noble affection, but it is all, *all* yours."

And this was the auspicious termination of Matty Esmaine's raffle.

A week subsequently the young lady sent off a check for five hundred dollars to the hospitals, and a seven-sheet-long epistle to a certain young soldier who had joined his regiment at Chattanooga, in which was the following gauntlet of defiance:

"Don't suppose I'm going to waste any admiration on your patriotism, Sir, if you *are* to be my lord and master some day. No, indeed. Didn't *I* give myself for my country's benefit, I'd like to know? And have not I given something dearer yet—my lover? Oh, Montague, if Heaven sends you safely back to me, I shall never be unhappy again."

For Matty Esmaine's heart was full of the vague happy fearfulness that broods above the heart of every woman whose dear ones are standing on the battle-heights of Union.

ELSIE LEONARD.

Snowed up in a lonely inn among Irish mountains, the writer of this little record paid a dreamy heed to the loose scraps of romantic retrospect which floated about from the lips of those who came and went about the hearth-place. They leaped and fell in fitful snatches, just as did the blaze in the shadows; and among the rest the following little history glimmered forth from the smoke, and wrought itself for the listener into a lasting shape in the embers. Referring to the fearful fall of 18—, which is remembered with horror in the district, they called it the story of the Snowy Christmas. Knowing what the words mean, it seems hard to turn one's eyes from the blank of the end, and dash warmly into the beginning: for the beginning was warm and bright, and this page should open, as a small door opens, into a garden of sunshine.

It was August, the glorious golden month. Hills were flushed with crimson ether, and glens were dim with purple mystery. Valley rivers ran red at sunset, and rainbows hung about the waterfalls. The bronzed corn-fields palpitated faint for joy when a stray breeze crept over a hedge and fanned their hot hearts, and in the cabin doorways the women joined their brown hands above their eyes while looking for the reapers coming home.

It was a sultry afternoon. The curlews on the burning beach below had not energy to scream as the flowing tide flashed like fire to their feet, where they perched luxuriously on the wet stones, and the fishermen's boats drifted idly out into the dazzling western haze, as though toil and trouble were a bygone dream, and they steered to the shores of eternal rest. High up on a stretch of golden moor a white cottage flung the shadow of its gable on the hot ground, and the faint smoke from its chimney hovered sleepily above in the lustrous air. The door lay open, and the threshold-stone was boldly marked with a red breadth of light. Beyond it there was a cool little hall, at present deliciously filled with the murmurous echoes of a pleasant voice ebbing and flowing from somewhere near. A white door opened from either side of the passage. In one of the rooms beyond these, a pretty little chintz-draperied parlor, a pale lady was lying on a sofa. A great vase of fern stood beside her on the floor, and the green blinds were half let down, filling the place with a cool, dreamy atmosphere. The other room was the cottage kitchen, tiny, white, and glittering. A strong-featured old woman, wearing a brilliant handkerchief folded like a turban over her white cap, sat by the hearth tending some cakes which were "browning" over the fire, and at the white-curtained window, flung wide open to the top, a young girl was baking at a table. Her gown was brown gingham, no brooch fastened her collar, a white apron was tied round her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up over her arms, past her elbows. Many housemaids would have been discontented to wear her dress, yet a glance must convince the most dull of comprehension that this little baker was a lady.

She prattled gayly as she baked, now and again tossing her head to shake back the waving dark hair from her throat and forehead, or flashing round a merry look from her bright face at the old servant.

"It's very ominous, certainly," she said, cutting out her cakes with an air of mock seriousness; "the tongs have twice fallen right across the hearth without any awkwardness of yours, therefore most surely a stranger is to come. And then you had an awful dream last week, which makes it doubly sure that if a stranger does come something terrible will be the consequence. What do you think he will do, Bab—decapitate us all? or bring an enchanter's wand, and change us into ducks and geese? That would not be so bad this hot weather. It would be so nice to swim in the lake all day!"

Bab shook her head. "It's all very well for you to have your fun out of it, Miss Elsie," she said; "but I hope he mayn't darken our door: that's all!"

Elsie laughed blithely as she untied her apron, and laughed again as she ran up the one little flight of white-painted steps to her small bedroom under the eaves. Coming quickly down again, in her outdoor dress, with a basket in her hand, she looked in at the kitchen, and said,

"I am going for some moss and flowers, Bab. Have the kettle boiling, for mamma will want her tea. And, Bab, if I meet the stranger I'll send him to you. Oh, perhaps he is coming to take The House!"

Not waiting to see the result of this suggestion, Elsie tripped through the door out on the sunshiny heath. "The House" was a large pile, standing solitary in a wooded recess between hills, not far distant. It stood upon the lands of Elsie's ancestors, and the setting sun was just now blazing on the windows of her nursery. In that nursery Bab had sung her to sleep and taught her her prayers; and if Elsie's bright youth cared little that her life had fallen from its worldly high estate, the faithful servant fretted sorely over the cruel chance, and could not tolerate the idea of a stranger in the old house.

Elsie sauntered slowly along in the sun, filling her basket with mosses and water-lilies. She stood up to her waist among the rushes, and, shading her eyes, gazed round and round the welkin. All the earth was quiet; heavily, sultrily still, and at rest. Eternal ridges of mountains prisoned it between purple walls. A dull fever throbbed in its veins, but there was no effort, no varied action. Elsie had heard of the "busy world," and often wondered what it must be to behold the works of men, to be one in a crowd, to have variety in one's days, to see new faces, to make new friends. "It is so still," she murmured; "so eternally, intolerably still. Nothing changing, nothing renewing, nothing passing away. Nature going through her slow, monotonous courses; time making us older; and still the same dull, dull, quiet life! Oh, that I had a pair of wings to fly over yonder mountain, with its smiling, denying face, half amused at and half pitying my restlessness, or that I could paddle a boat right over that golden line, out so far, where the ships pass like ghosts! There are plenty of paths to cloudland streaming down the air in colored labyrinths ending in golden vistas; and they are crowded with travelers, fancies, and wishes, and hopes, coming and going; but on that one weary, drowsy, yellow road that leads out into the world where men and women live and work there is never a shadow, never a speck! Bab's tongs!" she repeated, smiling to herself. "I wish some one—man, woman, or child—would come and rouse us up a little, before we die of stagnation. Heigh-ho! Mamma says she had plenty of friends once; but nobody minds us now. Well! I don't care; only one does tire of baking bread, and gathering flowers, and going out for walks. And I wish I had not read that novel. It was a delightful treat, but I don't think it was good for me."

She smiled again as she came near the house, and looked up at the windows. "Now, if I were in earnest with all this grumbling," she said, "how wicked I should be! For it is a blessed thing to have such a pleasant little home to come to, and a dear, patient mother waiting for her tea!"

At this moment Bab appeared on the threshold gesticulating wildly and mysteriously.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Elsie.

"He's come!" gasped Bab, while her turban nodded with frenzied impulse.

"Who?" asked Elsie, opening her eyes wide.

"The stranger. He came up the road a bit ago, as tall and as grand as you please. And he asks, 'Is this Mrs. Leonard's house?' And I don't know what came over me that I said 'Yes,' or I might have sent him about his business. But he's in the parlor; and oh! Miss Elsie, dear, hurry in and get him out of this as fast as you can."

Bab opened the parlor-door, and Elsie advanced to it mechanically, quite bewildered, and only half understanding the old servant, only half prepared to see a real stranger in the room with her mother. She walked in, fresh and bright after her ramble, with her curly hair, somewhat tossed, straying in picturesque rings and tendrils from under her slouched hat, and with her basket of mosses on her arm. A gentleman was sitting by her mother's couch, and as he rose up at her entrance the girl almost sank into the earth with shyness. She heard her mother say, "Elsie, this is Mr. North, the son of your father's friend who went to India. He has only been a short time in England, and has kindly come to see us."

Elsie, having nothing to say, gave him her hand, and then sat down. Too shy to look, she sat gazing at the fire and listening to the pleasant bass voice which was so unheard-of a novelty in that small parlor. She fell into a reverie of pleased wonder at the strange, new sensation of having a friend. Where had he come from? Had he really traveled that speckless yellow road; or had he landed with a fleet in the bay, or strode across the hills?

"You are not perhaps aware," said Elsie's mother, "that there is no hotel for very many miles from here. If you will accept such mountain hospitality as we have to offer it will be given most gladly."

The pale lady said this with a pink flush on her white cheek, while there hovered about her an echo of that sweet, stately dignity which in past years had so well become the mistress of "The House."

And then the stranger, having gladly accepted the invitation, went into the hall to look after his gun; and Elsie, trying to shake off her bewilderment, went up stairs to lay aside her hat. She brushed back her curls, and shook out her dress, and tied a blue ribbon under her collar, and then her toilet was complete; for Elsie, in summer time, except on Sundays, never thought of wearing any thing better than a gingham gown. As she came down stairs the stranger stood at the open hall-door, and Elsie, having conquered her first impulse to turn and fly up again, came soberly down, and saw him plainly for the first time; for before he had only been to her a vague, kindly presence. He was tall and strongly made, handsome and brave-looking, with a bronzed skin and sunny eyes. The light fell on the little maiden herself as she came down the stairs with a strange spell checking her steps and veiling the frank light in her eyes. Elsie did not realize what a miniature place it must seem to him altogether, this traveled man: a miniature house, and a miniature young lady (not more so in stature than in the very small amount of the usual requirements which sufficed to proclaim her the lady), who dared to wear gingham at tea-time, and yet approached with as stately a little step as though she were clad in silks and laces. Philip North must, however, have found it a pleasant picture which the sunset illumined before him, for his eyes kindled, and a delicate thrill of appreciation hovered tenderly on his lip. Elsie tried to say something polite as she passed close by, but meeting those warm, observant eyes fixed upon her, she relapsed into shyness, and retreated to the kitchen, where Bab was preparing tea.

A glass dish of water-lilies stood in the centre of the tea-table, and Philip North said, "I think I saw you gathering these." They were the first words he had spoken to her; and Elsie colored and overflowed a cup, and then looked up in surprise, and said, "Did you? Where?"

"Down by the side of a little lake. And after you had got them you stood for a long time in a brown study, looking at the sky."

And this was all the conversation they had till after tea. Then Elsie's mother, having conversed too much and too eagerly for her strength, lay resting on her sofa; and Elsie, looking out into the starry shades of the twilight from the open window, forgot her reserve, and found herself talking quite frankly to the stranger, telling him how she spent her time (not concealing the fact that she baked the bread), what books she read, and a number of other small things too trifling to be recorded. And then the moon appeared between two mountains, large and yellow in the soft purple night; and Philip North enraptured Elsie by telling her that he had beheld no finer scene in any land. Then he described to her countries whose very names made her cheek throb. Poor little Elsie! that was a night never to be forgotten while the light staid in those earnest eyes.

One evening soon afterward it happened that Elsie came to the door just as Philip North arrived from the moors with his gun and his dogs and his day's spoil. He stooped and laid the dead game at her feet, and passed on to put away his gun. Some wild idea suggesting the poem of "Hiawatha" flashed fierily through her brain, and sent a fearful delight tingling through her veins. She stood pale and trembling, like one who had got a blow, then rushed up stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a passion of tears—why, she did not dare to know. She felt something cold on her face, and, looking up, saw one of Philip's dogs staring at her with mute sympathy. She leaned forward to kiss his rough face, but checked herself, pushed him fiercely from her, and drove him from the room.

Weeks passed, and still Philip North staid, and still Mrs. Leonard observing him, weighing his words and his looks, and studying his character—still Elsie's mother was glad that he staid. And even Bab had forgotten her dream and blessed him for a kindly gentleman. And Elsie, tripping happily about her household work, did not care if he saw her through the open window baking her bread; nor was she ashamed when one day he came in and asked her for one of her cakes fresh from the fire. And so her life wore on toward that sunniest point where the glad feet were to stop, where the music was to be hushed, and the light to go down. Oh, dead eyes! if you can look back on life, how do you thank God for the blissful brightness that blinded you to the end, and let the grave open beneath you unawares!

Was it the creeping on of the shadow of death, that restlessness which would not let Elsie be happy in peace? or was it the ghost of Bab's foolish superstition rising after she herself had laid it? At evening, when she closed the door upon the sad mountains, Elsie longed so to shut out the world that they three might stay together thus forever. At night she lay broad awake, assuring herself "Our friend is here." Then the shadow would reply, "How long will he be here? He will go, and you will never behold him again, never, never, till the last trumpet shall sound." And, weary and feverish, she would rise when the dawn had swept away the night-clouds, and in the fresh pale morning, while the birds chirruped sleepily under the eaves, she would haunt the restful house, stealing out to feed and pet Philip's dogs, and then in again to watch the sunrise, now from one window and now from another, reading the pale scrolls of early clouds, and wondering at how recklessly we sleep away half our bright youth, drowning in dull dreams happy moments whose fast-waning measure has been meted out to us with a nice balance. And at last, when her eyes grew pained with vigil, she would steal to the garden, and bring a handful of flowers, and place them on her pillow, and, laying her cheek against their cool sweetness, would fall asleep.

One day Elsie, having been down on the beach, came in with a glorious light on her face, and told her mother a story, over which the pale lady cried, as women sometimes do when very happy. But Elsie could only look out upon the mountains with a transfigured countenance, and whisper triumphantly, "What can come now, unless death?" The glory vanished from her face, and she crept away to pray for that which God saw not right to give.

Philip North bought "The House," and thither Elsie's mother was to return in the spring, when Elsie had become its mistress. So, being mercifully blinded, they planned in the gladness of their hearts. And Elsie went with Philip one evening to view the old place and arrange about alterations and furnishing. She went in her pretty simple dress and straw-hat, walking by Philip's side over the moors, and through the wood, and across the threshold into the deserted house, flinging back shutters, and letting in the light, and making the silent old rooms ring back the echoes of her quick feet and merry voice. And so they agreed how this room and that should be appointed, and Philip made notes of all; for he was going back to the world to make many arrangements before Christmas-day, which was to see their wedding.

November came and Philip went, and in the joy of receiving his first letter Elsie forgot the pain of parting. One week went by, wet and dreary, and the next set in with heavy snows; falling, falling, whirling and drifting night and day, till dykes were filled up and roads were blocked, and all landmarks were lost. On the first white morning Elsie stood at the window, with some dainty needle-work in her hand, watching and smiling at the eddying flakes, thinking little of how soon their cruel white sting would freeze up her young life, how soon the pitiless drifts would seal her dead eyes.

There were no more letters; the mails were stopped. Thick and unceasing the snow fell. The valleys, like overflowing seas, rose to the knees of the mountains. Dwellers in the lowlands fled for shelter to their friends on the hills, and forgot where their homes had been. Streams and rivers lay congealed like blood in the veins of the dead.

Every morning the day stared in at Elsie with its white blank face where she sat holding her mother's hand—her mother, whom the long piercing cold of that cruel snow was killing, while with daily sullen denial it forbade all aid to approach her. Day after day she sat so, holding the thin hand, while weeks went on and December was half spent, gazing out at the imploring hills and the mourning trees, trying to pray with patient courage while her eyes searched the relentless sky in vain for mercy.

Down stairs a lamp burned constantly in the garnished parlor. Christmas decorations had been made, and white curtains were looped with the red and green of the holly. Bab kept the fire burning and the lamp trimmed, and Elsie stole down now and again to see that all was neat and bright; for the thaw might come any day, and Philip might arrive and her mother recover.

And the pale lady who lay up stairs, knowing herself to be dying, spoke bright words to the child whom she feared to leave lonely, urging her to omit no preparation, to have all things brightly in readiness, so that when the thaw should come and Philip arrive her own wasting life might yet have a little time to burn, even until she beheld that which her heart craved to see accomplished.

"Christmas-day will be bright, love," she would murmur, stroking the faithful little hand that held hers so strongly, as if it would not give up its grasp to death. "I dreamed this morning that the day had come, and the sun was shining, and you and I were both dressed in white, and I was quite well again. I know it will be a bright day."

And then the pale lady would turn her fast-changing face to where she could see the chimneys of her old home, and, thinking who knows what thoughts of the happy days passed under its roof-tree, she would gaze away above the white hills beyond with the eyes of one whose soul goes with them, trying to learn the track, trying to grow accustomed to the path by which it soon must go on its lonely journey to the unknown land.

And so the hearth was swept and the walls were garnished, and the lamp and fire burned brightly down stairs; and above Elsie's white dress lay in her room like a wreath from the pitiless snow outside, which had drifted in through the window and remained there undisturbed. And the wind moaned round the house, rattling at the locks of the doors as if to warn that one was coming to whom closed doors were nothing. And that one came in the dead of a dark night, and summoned the pale lady from sleep. And opening her eyes she recognized the call, and, riveting one last prayerful gaze upon the dear face beside her, she turned her own from the world and followed the messenger.

Oh, pulseless earth! oh, tearless sky! you had no pity for the longing life that would fain have lingered yet a little space, how then could you melt for the unpraying dead that lay there, meekly defying you in its shroud, with its patient hands folded, waiting so stilly till you vouchsafed it a grave; or for the stricken figure that sat at its feet with a brain dulled from studying hour by hour the changed features in their unsympathizing repose, where all the flood-gates of warmth had been suddenly locked, and set with the seal of that chill, unheeding smile?

So Elsie sat at her dead mother's feet, and old Bab came and went heart-broken, and could not coax her to weep nor to rest. And still the wedding-gown lay in the next room, and the lamp burned down stairs, and the wind rattled at the locks, and still the earth and sky were a blank.

At last the thaw commenced slowly to work. Life began to appear, and passages were cleared here and there. And one or two of those kind Christians, the poor, with difficulty found Elsie's mother a grave. And after that was done, Elsie, shunning the garnished parlor and the lorn bedroom, crept into the kitchen and laid her head on Bab's knees.

Late in the evening she roused herself and asked if it was not Christmas-eve. Yes, it was the eve of her wedding-day.

"Then, Bab," she said, "we must have every thing ready. Mr. North will be here to-night."

Bab shook her head. "No, no, Miss Elsie. The thaw has done something, but not so much as that. It's dark already, and no human bein' could know his way from the moor beyond where the roads cross. He'd most likely take the one that goes out to the Black Crags, and if he did he'd go down headlong as sure as heaven and earth!"

Elsie sat up straight and stared at the old woman, and then put up her hand to her head as if to collect her poor shattered wits.

"Some one must go," she said, "and watch on the moor all night to show him the way when he comes. He will be there as sure as God is above us. I feel it, Bab! I know it! Can not some one go?"

"Oh no, no, Miss Elsie!" cried Bab, wringing her hands at her young mistress's white distraught face; "no one could stay there the night through, he'd be foundered dead before mornin'."

"You are sure of it? Ask some one; I must know."

Bab went to inquire and came back. It was as she had said; no one dared venture to pass a night on the moor. The snow might come on again at any moment.

"Then God help me!" moaned Elsie, as she crept from the kitchen and felt her way up stairs in the dark. She went into her own room, where the wedding-gown still lay, and she could see from the window that line of moor where the roads met. There, with hands locked in her lap, and strained eyes fixed on the distance, and white cheek close to the pane, she sat. The sky had cleared a little, and the moon had ventured out, looking pale and meek, as if she, too, had had her troubles and wept away all her brightness.

Twelve o'clock struck; and Bab, who had vainly tried to move her mistress, had perforce laid her own weary old head on a bed in the room off Elsie's and fallen asleep. One o'clock, and the night had brightened, and the moon shone clear and brilliant on the white ridges and levels of mountains and valleys. Two, and still Elsie sat fixed, and nothing had changed. Three, and the moon began to sink away among cloud-drifts low on the hills.

Four struck in the hall, and the sound roused Elsie from a state of numbness-like stupor into which she had fallen. Was it the shock that made her start to her feet and, with bent brows and strained eyes, gaze toward the moor, while all her frame shook with the agony of suspense? Was it fate that pointed to her a black something moving in the dim distance like one riding on with difficulty? Another instant and the window is flung open and head and shoulders are thrust out. A low groan, "My God!" bursts from her as the shadow seems to pause and then move away into that dim distance. Fleet as thought she has left the window, dashed from the room, and is gone.

Till her death poor old Bab remembered with remorse how heavily she slept that night till she seemed to dream that Miss Elsie's figure flashed past her through the room in which she lay. The vision made her sleep uneasily, and she awoke troubled, and, rising to reassure herself, searched the house for her young mistress. In vain; one room was empty, and another was empty. Elsie was gone.

Who shall tell where? The moor-fowls that screamed past her as she struggled on, fired to supernatural effort by the strength of her purpose, plunging through snow-wreaths, stumbling over fences and clogged marshes, with her eyes fixed on those Black Crags? Or the moon that pitied her as she fell and bled, and rose and fought on again, as she must have done terribly, piteously often, ere those fatal rocks were won?

Oh, those pitiless white wastes, how they must have frozen the blood in that brave battling young heart! How they must have stung that daring soul with bitter wounds ere it could acknowledge its defeat! How they must have torn the plodding feet with treacherous stones and rocks ere they carried her to her goal—death!

But the moon waned, and the gray Christmas dawn broke, and a traveler, riding with difficulty along the partially-cleared road, paused suddenly, thinking he heard his own name called, a sharp, clear, bitter cry, fading suddenly into silence—"Philip! Philip!"

He wheeled about and gazed seaward, just as the red sun bared his brow above the eastern mountains, and glared fiercely over the crimson-stained wastes of whiteness like a ruthless conqueror exulting after the carnage is done. And out, out far, just by the Black Crags, he thought he saw a slight dark figure standing in the red light against the snow. But his eyes were dazed with the sun, and when he looked again the form was gone. He pressed on his horse eagerly and thought no more of his odd fancy.

"Philip! Philip!" Oh, that last woeful cry falling unheeded into stillness just as the poor heart broke! And he, the watched and prayed for, entered at last that garnished home; but the hearth that had glowed so brightly for him all through the long, long weeks was quenched forever, and the heart whose love had fed its flame, and the fingers that had trimmed the lamp, and the lips that had kissed the little love-gifts lying about, where were they?

Ay, where? Who shall guess from what hollow gulf of snow, from the feet of what cruel rock, the tide carried the dead girl? The sea-gulls may scream her *misereres*, and the waves roll their muffled drums over her head, but no human mourner will ever kneel at her grave, for the body of Elsie Leonard was never found.

Philip North still lives, but wherever he goes the vision of that figure out on the snow in the red dawn will haunt him till death, and the echo of that last bitter cry, "Philip! Philip!" ring in his ears.

This is the story of the Snowy Christmas. It is told over the logs in the cabins at night; and children will turn pale if, in the wintry gloaming, a plover sobs from seaward or a curlew cries over the Black Crags.

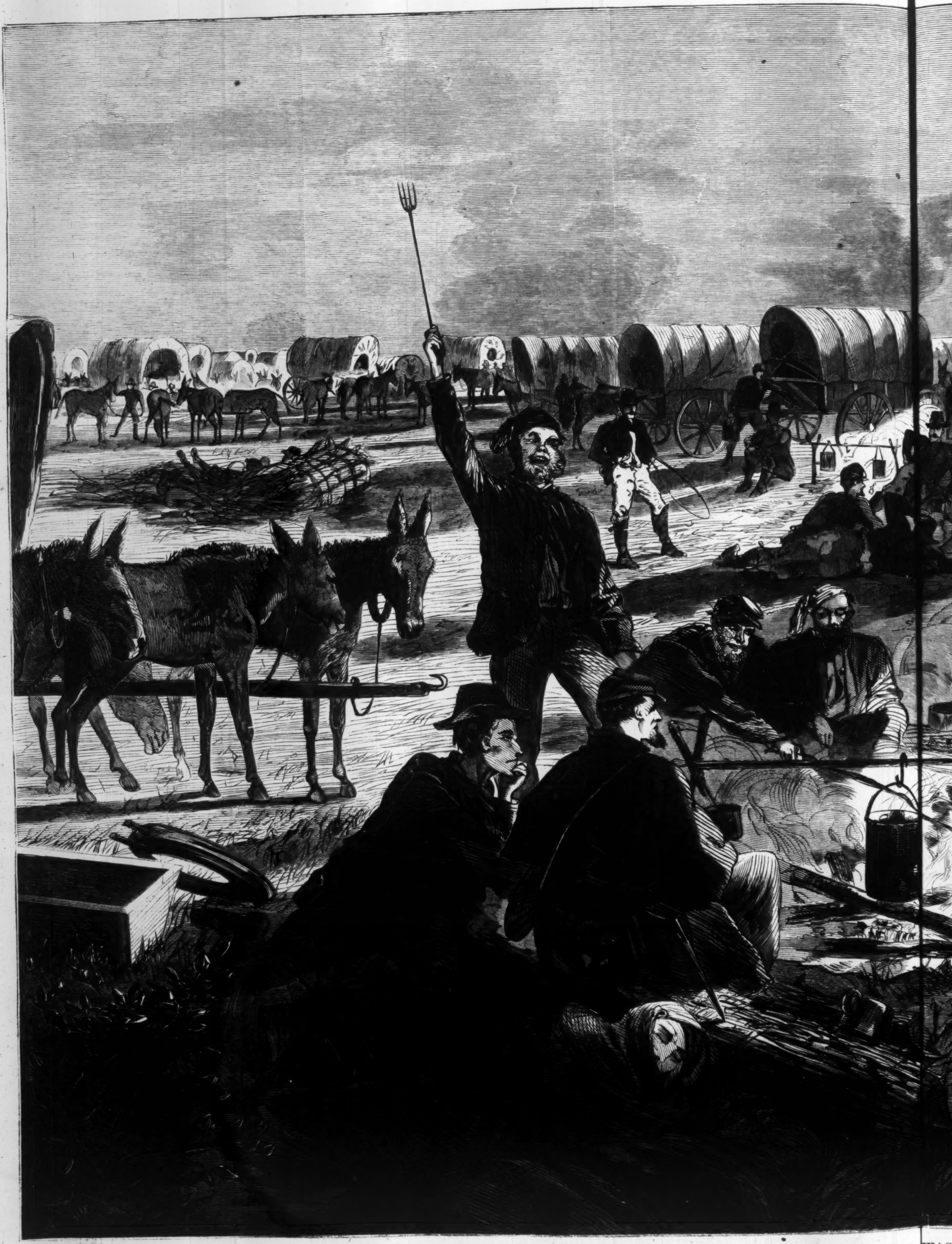
THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

THE oak-wood is waving,
The clouds gather o'er;
There sitteth a maiden
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might—with might;
And she sighs out aloud in the gloomy night.
And weeping, thus waileth she—

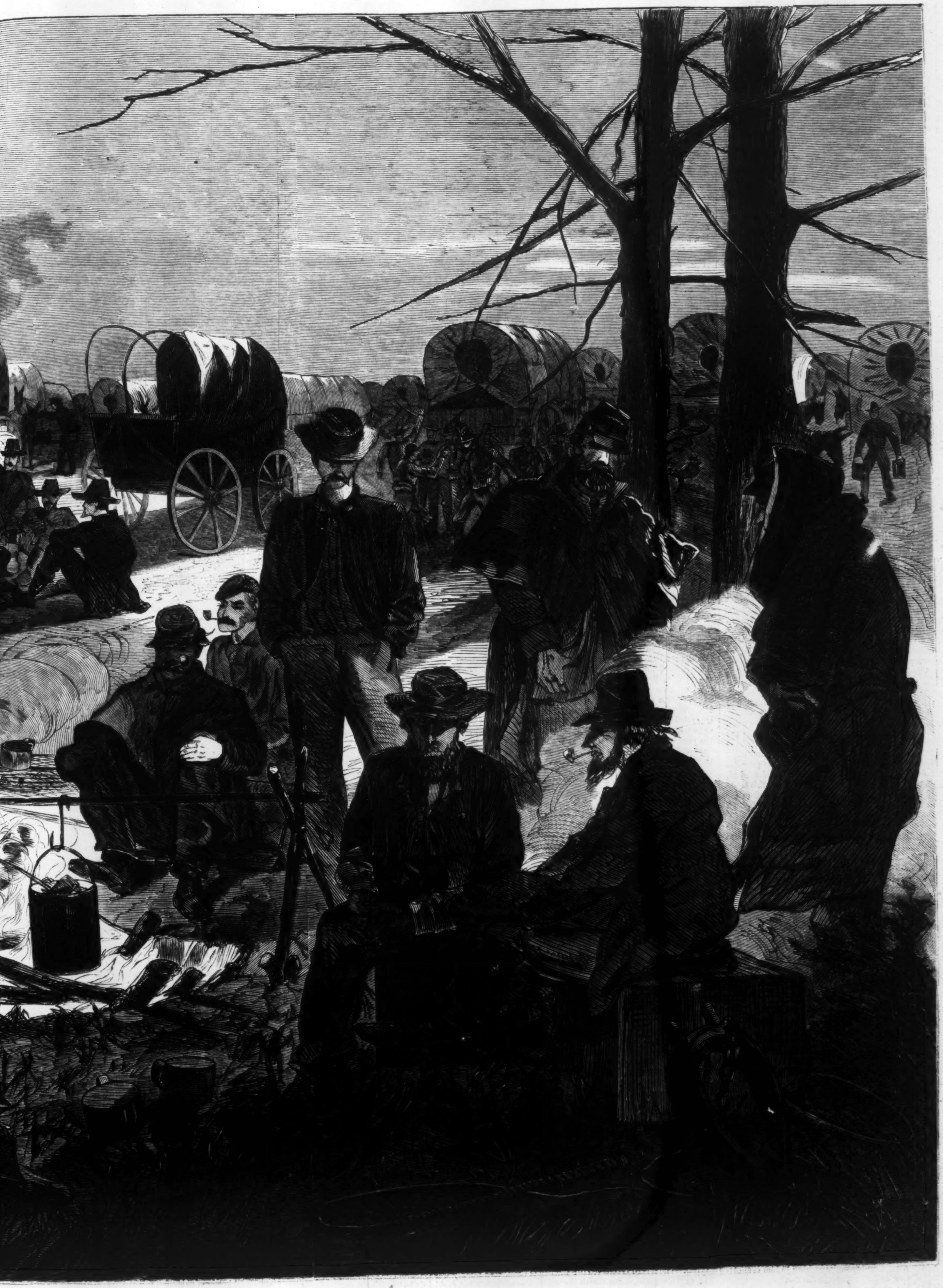
"My heart is broken,
The world is a void,
Nothing more can it give me,
For hope is destroyed.
All the bliss that the earth can bestow I have proved;
Heavenly Father—Oh! take—I have lived—I have loved—
Oh! take back thy child to thee.

"The tears that thou weepest
Must vainly be shed;
For no sorrow awakens
The sleep of the Dead!
Yet say, what can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
And the balm shall descend from above.

"Let the tears I am weeping
Still vainly be shed,
Though my sorrow can wake not
The sleep of the Dead;
Yet all that can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
Are the tears and the sorrow of love."



HALT OF A WAG



AGON TRAIN.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. II.

In nothing does the Sanitary Commission more palpably exhibit its competency for the office it has assumed than in its celerity of movement and its spontaneity of action in every exigency. No matter where a battle may be fought, its surgeons and nurses are sure to appear instantly with needed supplies; no matter what difficulties may stand between it and desirable results, or how sluggishly other bodies may move, the Commission moves forward always with swift and steady pace, overcoming all obstructions with a resolution and faith in itself which holds all things to be possible in the name and service of humanity. The work performed by the Commission at Chattanooga strikingly illustrates this truth. The battle of Chicamauga, it will be remembered, was fought unexpectedly; the means of communication, moreover, were very limited, neither land nor water routes meeting the sudden exigencies of the service; the dépôts of supplies, too, were far removed from the scene of action, insomuch that for a time the army suffered materially from the want of rations; but notwithstanding all this, long before the battle had ceased and the shattered columns had found pause in their bloody work, the nurses of this Commission were at work on the field, performing just the service demanded by the occasion. Within ten days after the action two thousand packages of sanitary stores were distributed. This illustrates the promptness and availability of the Commission. Another fact exhibits with equal emphasis its thoroughness. The battle of Chicamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September. Between that time and the 17th of November seven thousand additional packages and boxes of staple battle-stores, such as stimulants, fruits, vegetables, and clothing were forwarded for the relief of the sick and wounded.

Probably in no considerable battle since the commencement of the war have the wounded been so well and promptly cared for as at Chattanooga. The agents of the Commission were every where. They fitted up rooms for the reception of the suffering, supplied them with clothing, bandages, and edibles, procured and put up stores, dressed the wounds of those requiring immediate assistance, and superintended also the cooking of rations for the men. On the second day of the battle these agents made comfortable nearly two thousand men, doing what it was impossible for the Government to do. One incident will clearly attest their usefulness and efficiency. Returning from the field on the evening (Sunday) of the second day of the fight, one of the principal agents found the steps of a church in Chattanooga, where services had been held during the day, crowded with wounded men. Entering the building, he found the whole interior filled with a congregation from the battle-field, crippled with every variety of wounds, with no medical or other officer in charge, without food of any kind, without water, and without even a candle to shed a glimmering light over their destitution. The agent at once carried a quantity of concentrated beef to a residence near the church, and there prepared immense caldrons of soup, which, with candles, bread, and water, the nurses carried to the sufferers and distributed, all receiving the gifts with the most grateful satisfaction. The next day they were supplied with vegetables and other food; comforts, shirts, and blankets were provided for the destitute; medical assistance was furnished, and hundreds of lives that would, but for this timely intervention, have been lost, were saved to the nation, to share in the triumphs of liberty through long years to come.

The services rendered by the Commission agents after the recent battles about Mission Ridge were no less important than those already rehearsed. Stores to the value of $75,000 were distributed within a week after the battle, and hundreds of instances are recorded showing the benefits of its noble work.

The gallantry of our men in the assault upon Mission Ridge is attested by hundreds of incidents which came to the knowledge of the Commission-workers as they toiled in the wake of the army. A few of these may be recited here. A soldier fallen in the difficult ascent, and lying with a shattered shoulder, thus urged forward two comrades who had halted to carry him to the rear: "I'm of no account; don't stop for me; for God's sake push right up with the boys;" and on they pressed, leaving him in his bloody vestments, more royal and and grand than kingly purple. At another place a colonel, toiling up the mountain, encountered two brothers, one wounded unto death, the other bending anxiously over him. The colonel, not seeing at first the fallen man, ordered the other to move on. "But this is my brother," he said, with a sob in his voice. The poor dying fellow on the ground rallied in an instant: "Yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!" George, turning a sad look on the dying brother, clasped his musket and crowded on, fighting bravely until the summit was reached. Then, hurrying back, he knelt again over the prostrate brother, but he was dead; in the tumult of the battle his discharge had come, and calmly, gladly he had been mustered out and gone home.

At the first line of rifle-pits, in the grand advance of our columns, the Colonel of the Forty-first Ohio Regiment fell terribly wounded. A General rode up as he fell, exclaiming, "I hope you are not badly wounded?" The Colonel only said, "Do you think we'll make it, General?" "I do," the General replied. "Then," said the gallant fellow, with a smile, "I'm satisfied; I can stand this." And there, perfectly content, he remained while the battle throbbed and beat along the hills, with the shouts of the ascending heroes "speaking to him comfortably" now and then through the din.

In the charge upon the second range of rebel works a Captain fell, and two men came to his aid. But he would not suffer them to remain. "Don't wait here," he cried; "go back to your places. One useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain as some new success was achieved by the resistless columns. "Don't you hear that?" he cried. "March!" And away went the loitering soldiers, leaving their comrade where he fell. With such a spirit animating rank and file, rousing to sublimest heroism in the hour of peril, what wonder that all dangers are overcome, all opposition beaten down, and the flag of the nation carried lustrously wherever duty points the way!

A prominent and most useful feature of the Commission in its work among the soldiers is its Hospital Directory, which was originated in a humane desire to supply a record of the inmates of army hospitals, whether becoming such by disease or from wounds received in battle, in order to meet the inquiries of the friends of the soldier unable to obtain any knowledge of the name or locality of his hospital. The benefit, however, conferred by the Directory has not been merely to friends of the soldier, but also to the soldier himself, becoming, as it has, a medium of communication for wives and mothers searching for husbands and sons; a channel through which has flowed messages of love, and cheer, and hope, more grateful to the fevered brain and the agony of wounds than the tenderest care of surgeons and nurses. The total number of names on record in this Directory on the 1st of December last was 513,437; the total number of inquiries for information was 12,884; and the number of successful answers rendered 9203, or seventy-two per cent. upon the number received. In these nine thousand two hundred and three answers lies a history which only the Day of Final Assize can reveal. But the gratitude with which their receipt is acknowledged is not hidden nor concealed. Mothers write of "their undying gratitude" for the simple announcement that their boys are doing well in hospital; others "invoke the blessing of God upon the labors of the Commission;" while others still declare that while life lasts they will cherish warmest memories of the service it has rendered.

Incidents illustrating the usefulness of this Directory might be cited by the volume. A few, however, of the more entertaining will serve our purpose here.

A poor woman from Wisconsin, whose husband and son were in the ranks, learning that the latter was wounded at Lookout, made her way to Louisville, whence she was sent by the Commission agents to Nashville. Owing to the interruption of railway communications it was impossible to send her further front, and the Nashville office accordingly telegraphed to the Commission agent at Chattanooga for information. The next day, which was Thursday, it was answered that her son was severely wounded, and had been placed in a hospital which was subsequently captured by the enemy, in whose hands he then was. It was sad news, but better than none. It was communicated to her as kindly and gently as possible; but, gently as the intelligence was imparted, it drove her almost frantic. Several times during the day following she visited the office to hear more, but there was nothing more to tell. And so two days more slipped away, each a blank. The suspense became terrible. Was he alive? were his wounds cared for by the rebels? was he dead? Such were the questions which the poor mother dinned constantly in the ears of the agents. "Oh that I could hear!" she cried. "Even the worst would be better than this suspense." At last, late on Sunday night, the word so prayed and waited for came. It was this only: "Dead." It was a terrible blow. A very agony of grief settled upon the mother's heart, and for hours her sufferings seemed beyond all human endurance. After a time, carrying her great sorrow with her, she went away; but the next morning she returned to the office, still terribly stricken in heart, but calmer than before, and said, pointing to the flag over the door, with tears in her eyes, "*That flag is doubly dear to me this morning.* IT HAS COST ME SOMETHING." Her means were exhausted, and the Commission defrayed her expenses home. Think you the memory of its work will not be forever side by side in her wounded heart with recollections of her boy slain in the battle's front?

One day a stout, clean-faced farmer from Danvers, Massachusetts, appeared at the Nashville office, seeking information of his son. He was furnished with passes and, with necessary directions, sent on his way. A few days afterward he returned, carrying a sword and haversack, and with a long white box in his care—a very quiet box, but very precious to the old father. The sword and haversack were his son's, and the son's corpse was in the quiet box. It had been recovered through the agency of the Commission Directory; but for that, there would never have been in a Danvers church-yard the head-stone which tells now to the days as they go the story of that farmer's sacrifice in the country's cause.

Another illustration of the value of this Directory is furnished by the following incident. On the 12th of November the following inquiry from a Northern city was received at the Nashville office: "Sanitary Commission. Answer immediately. Is Henry Ford, Company F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, alive? Hospital 13.—FATHER." Inquiry was at once made at the Nashville hospital, and this answer promptly returned: "Henry Ford, Company F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, is alive—slightly better; says, Tell father to come as soon as he can." Thus father and son were brought together, as they probably would not have been but for this Directory.

Some of the scenes witnessed at the offices of the Directory in Washington and at other central points are touching in the extreme. Thus, at the Washington office: A father presents himself—a strong man, and still young in years—asking for news from his son. The record is referred to; the boy is dead. The announcement, coming with the suddenness of a bolt from heaven, goes with sharpest agony to the father's heart, and he steals away weeping, with a shadow on his life that only the sunrise of some great hope can ever brighten. Another, with white face and trembling voice, pressing to the office-desk, begs for information of his boy: "He was a noble fellow! no father ever had a better son; can't you tell me something of him?" He is told that the "boy" is in a hospital but a little distance off; he grasps the hand with both of his, tears running down his cheeks the while, and without uttering another word leaves the room. Still another comes—a woman, who, with almost breathless voice, exclaims, "I want to find my husband! I have not heard from him for months! Can you tell me where he is?" His name and the number of his regiment is ascertained, and the answer is promptly returned, "You will find him at Lincoln Hospital." A momentary shade of incredulity appears upon the anxious face; then, turning her full eyes, swollen with emotion, she gives one look of gratitude—a full reward for years of labor—and in an instant is in the street, flying with swift feet to embrace the husband of her love. Thus, day by day, the varied scene goes on, each new incident adding fresh testimony of the value of this admirable system.

At the Louisville office scenes equally affecting have been presented almost daily ever since the advance of Rosecrans from Murfreesboro. One day an old man from Northern Ohio entered the office. He had traveled the long distance to meet his son, and applied at the office, as he had been told to do, for direction to the hospital in which his boy was quartered. While the clerk examined the books, the old man chatted of his son and home, telling of the different articles in his carpet-bag, placed there by mother and sisters at home; each had sent some little comfort. He was all animation and hope, possessed of pleasant anticipations of a speedy meeting with his boy. Alas for his high hopes! The record said, "Died"—that very morning. It was a terrible shock; but it was better than to grope on in the dark, never knowing how, or where, or when the son of his love had been called away. He had found his boy; it was a consolation to look into his face even though the death-dews were upon it. So sadly and slowly the old man went away, a clerk going with him and procuring a coffin for the dear remains, with which that same day he started for his Ohio home—in which, henceforth, *one* voice would be missed, *one* step would never more be heard on the threshold.

A sprightly young wife appeared one day at the Louisville office, asking to have a dispatch written for a permit to visit her husband in Nashville. The clerks turned to consult the record for his name, which she at once pronounced a useless delay—"she *knew* he was in Nashville, and all she wanted was a dispatch written, and would be obliged for as much haste as possible." "But," said the clerk, "are you quite sure he is in Nashville?" "Certainly; nothing is more certain." "You would have no objections to meeting him here?" the clerk inquired again, his eye resting on an open page, with his finger at a particular name. The woman flushed as if annoyed. "You are playing with me, Sir. Will you give me the dispatch?" "No; you will not need it. This 'abstract' will please you better. These are directions where to find your husband—a few blocks off," the clerk rejoined, a smile breaking over his face. With one look, to be sure that she was not the victim of a deception, the young wife darted away, and a few minutes afterward found that, after all, the one she sought was *not* in Nashville, but right within reach of her loving arms. Had she not gone to the Directory, possibly she might have procured a pass to Nashville and gone; or, failing in that, might have gone home without seeing her husband at all, leaving him among strangers, longing through day and night for a glimpse of the face which made the sunshine of his home.

A NIGHT IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

One day, in the depth of as severe a winter as I ever experienced, I had to take a long journey, the greater part by rail—then only a single line. At the wretched shed dignified with the name of "station" a somewhat curious party attracted my attention.

They were four.

An old and apparently totally paralyzed gentleman, so swathed in shawls, comforters, fur cap, and buffalo-robe, that only a small strip of his face was visible, and that was of a deathlike hue.

A young lady, thickly veiled, apparently not the daughter of the invalid: for she seemed to avoid looking at or approaching him, as he half-sat, half-lay, propped up by boxes and bags, in a corner of the *one* bench.

Two sallow, evil-looking men completed the number. They were dressed in a much inferior manner to the others, but evidently had charge of both invalid and lady.

I got into the same car with this strange party. Whether I should have done so, could I have foreseen the tragic termination of our journey, I can not tell.

The snow was lying very deep on the ground; and occasionally, where a drift had formed across the line, we had much ado to force our way through it.

I was the only occupant of the car besides the party I have described, and amused myself by speculating on the connecting links between such a strange quartette.

The lady *was* a lady evidently. Though I had not caught a glimpse of her face—as she had not once lifted the heavy veil she wore—yet every fold of her dress, every movement of her figure, showed refinement.

We had been plodding on at a miserable rate for many hours; the snow becoming thicker and thicker.

To look out of the windows was useless; for the ground was snow, and the air seemed to be snow, so thickly was it falling.

What could I do but watch my companions?

I had forgotten to say that in the early part of the journey I had made some casual remark to the two men about the entirely hopeless state of their charge; but I received such a short answer, accompanied by such an evil look, that I resolved to hold my tongue for the remainder of the journey.

The young lady, when I spoke to the men, gave a quick sort of half-turn toward me, as if *she* would have spoken; but was instantly checked by one of the men desiring her, in a rough and peremptory manner, to change her seat.

Still dragging along—and more snow, more snow!

The men, having refreshed themselves several times from a spirit-flask, took a bottle and a spoon, and prepared to feed the paralyzed gentleman.

I could not see what they gave him, or whether he ate; for the men carefully placed themselves and the young lady between the sick man and me.

I should here say that the young lady had absolutely refused to take any food whatever, though several times pressed by the men.

They are bending over the invalid; the young lady, by their direction, also standing, with her side-face toward me.

With a quick and silent movement she raises her veil, and looks for an instant with a questioning, agonized glance in my face.

She must have seen honest pity there; for, slightly-leaning toward me, pallid as death, she formed a word with her lips—but without sounding it—pointing to the men; then lowered her veil again.

Although the whole had taken place in a second or two, the men had observed some movement, and turned fiercely to her, looking like devils at both of us.

I, however, was already sitting with folded arms, and eyes half-shut, as if sleepy; not so sleepy, though, but that I caught a moment's view of that strip of face I had seen at the station.

That second look satisfied me of what I had doubted—the word dumbly spoken by the young lady. The word was "*Murder!*"

I sat still and thought:

"Here I am with a couple of murderers—probably armed—their victim apparently the father of that lovely girl. Yes—this is the explanation of her shunning him at the station, and in lifting him into the cars. I have my revolver—not loaded: if it were I couldn't shoot these men down without more proof against them than a *word*—only *seen*, not heard. It is of no use giving them up at the end of our journey; for, of course, they will say that, half-dead when he started, he died of the cold in the cars. Cold! Yes, bitterly, piercingly cold; and our stove does not seem to give the heat it should; and—there is no more fuel!"

Although I could not see through the young lady's veil, *she* doubtless could see me through it. I nodded slightly to her, and, fumbling in the folds of my cloak, half exposed the barrel of my revolver.

The answer was a scarcely perceptible shake of the head.

For the twentieth time we are pushing and battering at a drift: this time it must be a deep one, for we are come to a dead stop.

"I guess I must get some wood from that darned conductor, or we shall be friz," said one of the men, the shorter and least evil-looking of the two.

"Do," said I, "for it is awfully cold, even for us who are strong; what must it be for your invalid charge!"

"Oh! he won't hurt," replied the man.

"You shut up, and fetch the wood!" said the other.

He returned soon, and said the engineer would not let him have a stick: declaring it was not his business to supply the cars—and that he had barely enough to keep his own fire up.

On going out to see the state of affairs for myself, I found the drift, in which we were fast, was of a most formidable size; and saw at once that, without digging, the engine could not possibly force its way through.

I went to the engineer, whom I knew, and asked if he would spare us a log or two; but even while asking I saw how useless the request was—*he had no more wood.*

Nine o'clock at night—still snowing—no fire, and no fuel!

Fast buried in a snow-drift, on a single line of rails—miles away from any house!

I must spend the night with a dead man and his two murderers!

But the poor girl! How can she bear the cold?

All the men set to work vigorously to clear the line while there was yet fire enough and steam enough to carry us through.

We were not many miles from our destination.

Dig! yes—but who can dig without a spade?

Small progress was made; it soon became apparent to all that we were fast until two o'clock, when the night-mail followed us.

Five mortal hours in that piercing cold!

The conductor, half frozen as he was, walked a quarter of a mile down the line, and extemporized a danger-signal as best he could; I and the other passengers getting into the cars, and wrapping ourselves up, grimly to bear the five hours of misery. As I enter I see only the shorter of the two men; on asking him for his friend he says:

"Oh! he's crouching down by the fire-box of the engine to get warm."

I mentally add—"And will go to sleep, and when the fire goes out will be frozen to death!"

I now saw the young lady watching her companion closely, seeing him becoming sleepy from copious draughts of rum-and-water.

A loud snoring soon proclaimed him fast asleep.

The poor girl then with half-frozen fingers lifted her veil, and whispered, with trembling voice:

"Can you help me? I think I can trust you!"

"Sit perfectly still for an instant," I answered.

A happy thought had struck me.

I had for some time past suffered much from face and tooth-ache, and was in the habit of carrying a stoppered bottle of chloroform.

I took out my bottle, and, signing to the young lady to be silent, poured the whole upon my handkerchief, and held it over the face of the sleeping murderer!

In five minutes I knew he was safely disposed of for some hours to come.

I called loudly in his ear, and shook him roughly, but he did not stir.

I shall never forget the earnest joy with which the poor girl clasped my hand and thanked me.

I don't know whose heart beat fastest then—hers or mine: I know that I forgot all about the dreadful cold, and only felt an insane longing to take her in my arms and kiss her.

Taking the sleeping man's great buffalo-robe and wrapping it round her, I bade her sit down, and asked her the cause of her father's murder, and why she seemed to be a prisoner.

As I spoke I could not help an involuntary shudder at the appearance of the corpse.

In administering the chloroform to the man I had accidentally displaced the rug, which the murderers had carefully arranged so as to hide the face of the supposed paralytic.

The eyes were closed and blue, the nose pinched, the mouth partly open, with curled and strained lips, the teeth set, and grinning horribly in the half-light reflected from the snow in which we were imbedded.

It had now ceased snowing.

In answer to my question she said:

"I am alone in the world; I can trust you—I will tell you all. The—the *body*"—here she turned paler than even she was before—"the body is not that of my father—oh no! I could not have borne it! It is my uncle. I am a Virginian; my father and mother both died when I was very young, leaving me, a rich orphan, to the care of my uncle.

"All I knew was that I was well educated, and had whatever money I wanted; but when I left school my uncle was strangely altered: my presence seemed to irritate him.

"He tried to make me marry that wretch who has gone out: he was my uncle's overseer, and a more cruel or wicked man never lived."

Here I suddenly thought, "What if he should not fall asleep by the engine, but should return!" I went out and found him in what I knew would be his death-sleep—crouched completely under the fire-box of the engine.

The engineer had left his now cold and useless machine, and sought shelter in the cars.

I returned, and my lovely charge continued:

"I was often talked to by some of our old slaves, and in particular by my dear old nurse, about this man. She said he had come a few years ago, and in some way had obtained an undue influence over her massa—ordering every thing, and treating the slaves, who had never experienced any thing but kindness from my father and uncle, with the greatest severity.

"This villain persecuted me with his odious attentions; and one day—I can't tell you—but I rushed to my uncle, who, when he heard, called him into the house, and in a furious passion said:

"'Although you have by your devilish cunning obtained my promise of my niece as your wife, I will not tamely submit to see her insulted. Take that, you villain!' firing a pistol full in his face.

"Fortunately passion defeated itself, and my uncle was not a murderer.

"The overseer smiled an evil smile, and said:

"'Never mind; it was only a little mistake. We will settle affairs another day.'

"Not long after this the fellow who is asleep there, and who is the overseer's brother, came and joined him. He is a doctor. My uncle became daily more and more miserable; my old nurse saying it was remorse preying upon his mind, because he had appropriated my property.

"A few weeks ago my uncle's health began to fail seriously; the 'Doctor,' as he was called, constantly expressed his opinion that paralysis might be expected.

"Last Monday I was awaked by my old nurse in a dreadful fright, to tell me that my uncle was dying. I rose, and found the 'Doctor' and the overseer with him.

"The 'Doctor' said that, as he had predicted, my uncle had had a paralytic attack—entirely lost the use of his limbs and speech, and that he probably would not be able to move for some time to come. He felt the responsibility too great for his brother and himself, and consequently should remove him to S——, where he would be placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. W——.

"This was said intentionally in the hearing of several of the servants, and passed for truth; although I, in common with all, protested against removing my uncle in such a state.

"Knowing the evil character of both men, I resolved that I would not part from my uncle, but would accompany him to S——.

"I fancied I saw a sinister smile on the face of the overseer as I said this; but he only remarked,

"'Oh, certainly; no objection can be made to that.'

"Yesterday we started.

"My suspicions were aroused by the 'Doctor' and overseer refusing to let me approach my uncle, either to dress him or to help him into his carriage.

"In spite of their caution, however, I obtained a glimpse of his face, and knew in an instant he was dead.

"I was too excited and horrified to faint.

"The overseer saw by my looks that I now knew all.

"He at once said, in a brutal tone,

"'Oh! I guess you see it all now! You're a sensible girl, so a few words will suffice. There wasn't much love lost between you and your uncle, so you need not make a fuss.

"'The truth is, the Doctor there physicked him a *leetle* too strong, and it would not do to bury him here, for the job would have been blown. So we thought we would take him where no one will be the wiser. The poor old gentleman has died of cold and overexertion, don't you see?'

"I can't tell you what the wretch said to *me*; only that he said he had got all the old gentleman's plunder from the estate; that he meant to marry me whether I would or not; and that if I so much as spoke or looked at any one on the journey he would kill me at once.

"I knew he would not hesitate to carry out his threat, so dare not utter a word.

"Oh! how thankful I was to see you enter our car!

"I felt a presentiment that you would in some way save me from these horrid men."

Here the poor girl burst into tears.

I don't know what I did or said, only that I comforted her, and vowed I would never forsake her.

The time was now approaching when the two o'clock train was due. There was a deathlike silence. broken only by the mournful tones of occasional gusts of wind, which, like evil spirits sporting round us, rushed to and fro through the ill-made cars, unseen, but painfully heard and felt.

Every one had huddled themselves in whatever they could find as a protection from the biting cold.

Although hardy and strong, I began to feel exhausted and benumbed, and probably should have fallen into a dangerous stupor but for my mind being racked with thought.

How should I act?

If I gave these two men up to justice (supposing the overseer survived), what proof was there that they had poisoned the "paralytic?"

I asked Alice—so we will now call her—whether the overseer had the spoil with him or not.

She said he had admitted to her that he had gold, notes, and securities to a very large amount upon him.

I then searched the still sleeping "Doctor;" he was so motionless and deathlike that I began to fear lest the chloroform had had a fatal effect upon him.

I found nothing but a few dollars and a revolver, which I took; and, with his own neckerchief, securely tied his hands behind him.

It was now snowing heavily again; but I sallied forth once more into the snow, and found the overseer still under the engine, frozen as hard as the iron which covered him, and doubtless quite dead.

With fingers almost as lifeless as his own I searched him, and found, besides the expected loaded revolver and bowie-knife, a large canvas belt fastened round his waist, containing the stolen money.

I hastened back with it to Alice, fearing she might be overcome with the cold, and fall asleep.

Just as I had my hand on the door of the car I heard a well-known sound: there was no need to think twice—the driver of the expected train, blinded by the snow, had not seen the danger-signal! With criminal negligence they had not telegraphed our non-arrival from R——; the train was rushing on us!

I shouted loudly to the occupants of the cars to save themselves, and sprang into ours for Alice.

Even in the short time I had been absent she had nearly gone to sleep.

No wonder, poor girl! She had experienced hunger, thirst (for she dare not take food from the overseer, lest he should poison her), excitement, and cold.

I seized her in my arms, and had scarcely leaped from the car before the crash came!

I will not dilate on the horrors of the collision; we have too many such descriptions in our daily papers. Happily, my shouting had aroused most of the passengers, but some three or four never knew how death came.

I laid the fainting body of Alice for a moment, carefully wrapped up, on the snow, while I searched for our late evil companions.

The murderers had met a milder fate than they deserved.

The frozen overseer was completely smashed beneath the engine.

Whether the "Doctor" really died from the effects of cold and the chloroform I can not tell, and do not like to think.

He also was a bruised and almost shapeless mass; both had died painless deaths.

The engineer and stoker of the train which ran into us had jumped into the snow, and were unhurt.

The passengers were very few, and, surprising to say, only one was killed.

We made great fires of the *débris*, and waited the morning, when help should come.

Amidst all the horrors of the scene I felt a thrill of happiness in having Alice looking to me as her sole protector, and through the night laying her head on my shoulder, in sheer weariness and exhaustion, suffering my arms to support her.

I felt as if I had known her for years. Was the gentle girl who leaned unconsciously on me, whom I had met under such strange circumstances—was she soon to be severed from me? No! never! And with the thought I clasped her closer to my heart.

At last help came: about five o'clock in the morning an express came from R——, expecting to find a breakdown: they took us up, and we arrived at R—— about eight o'clock.

I asked Alice what she would wish to do.

In some confusion she said:

"I know not what to say!" But, putting her little hand in mine, she said: "Will you, who have watched over me through that dreadful night, who have saved me from horrors of which I can not think, see me safe back to my own home—my own indeed now?—it will be very lonely, no one to welcome me but the servants; but it is my right place. Am I asking too much?"

Need I tell the reader my answer?

I offered myself, a poor surveyor, as her husband as well as protector.

She did not say no.

The railway accident was universally believed to be the cause of the deaths of Alice's uncle, the overseer, and the "Doctor;" Alice, with pardonable deception, explaining that the "Doctor," not finding Dr. W—— at his own town, insisted on going on to the next, to some other surgeon.

Alice and I have now lived happily for years; but we never see the snow lying thickly on the ground without shuddering at the recollection of the night we passed in the snow-drift.

ABOUT CATS.

THE palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 500 years B.C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshiped at Syene. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. The "toms," it seems, in his time, had a peculiar liking for making away with kittens—a very fortunate thing, too, or the land would have been overrun with cats. Crowning wonder of all, when a fire breaks out the sole care of the natives is to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards round the burning house, and take no thought for putting out the flames. A divine impulse, however (says the chronicler), seizes the cats; they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames. Then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed, and solemnly deposited in the city Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveler tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China. If you have a roast hare for dinner you had better not make too many inquiries as to what kind of "Pussy" it was before it came into the *chef's* hands.

The ancient physicians had a firm belief in the healing powers of different portions of this animal, probably from some confusion existing in their minds with regard to its own nine lives. One of them gives us, as a valuable recipe to cure fevers, two pints of water mixed with three drops of blood taken from the ear of an ass, and certain parts of a cat's digestive organs! The claw of an owl, or a wolf's eye was a good external application to accompany this dose. Catching at the slightest verbal resemblance, their system of medicine would at present be well represented by prescribing a cat in a case of catalepsy. The very ashes of the animal, sprinkled where mice were, would prove quite sufficient to scare them away, according to Pliny's belief.

The popular sayings connected with cats are so numerous, that they might be utterances of Father Cats himself, whose poems are so grateful to the Dutch peasantry. Their tenacity of life comes out in the proverb, "Care killed the cat." Their familiar presence at every one's hearth is alluded to in "A cat may look at a king." Indeed, there could be no legal hamlet in the old Welsh constitutions unless it possessed a cat. We confess ourselves puzzled as to the explanation of the Scotch proverb, "Grinning like a Cheshire cat," unless it alludes to their uniform cheerfulness in that county.

One of the most common natural antipathies is an utter abhorrence of cats. We know a lady who can not stay in the same house with one, and knows its hateful presence instinctively, even before she sees it. Blue-eyed cats, oddly enough, are always deaf.

Mr. Darwin has a curious speculation how a scarcity of cats in any rural district would soon affect the neighboring vegetation, as the field animals they prey upon would, of course, proportionally increase, and their greater numbers would in turn tell upon vegetable life. Cats have always been known to have a strong passion for the scent of valerian; they are also very fond of rolling over the pretty blue nemophila of our gardens; so horticulturists should take precautions accordingly. The best mode of prevention, we may suggest, is to keep a small terrier.

Much as we hate cats about our houses, however, they are capable of very strong attachments. We have known more than one instance where they have followed their benefactor in his country walks like a dog. It is upon record, too, how an ancestor of Wyatt the poet was fed and preserved by a cat when confined in the Tower by Richard III. As for its sagacity, we knew one that belonged to an old lady which, at her invitation, would ascend the tea-table after she had finished her potations, look askant a minute at the narrow-necked cream-jug, and then (quietly sitting down by it) would insert the tip of her tail, and draw it forth with the liquid covering it. The process she repeated till the jug was empty, with much apparent satisfaction. Another had the curious taste strongly developed in it of ascending to the open bedroom windows of an old mansion by means of the climbers on the walls, and then making away with all the soap the washing-stands contained.

Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why sea-faring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. A singular occurrence of this kind was related in the papers last winter. A vessel was found abandoned on the Banks of Newfoundland, with only a cat on board: a crew that boarded her navigated her safely across the Atlantic to the Kintyre coast, when another storm broke upon the ill-fated ship. She soon went to pieces, and the crew were drowned, with the exception of the mate, who drifted to shore on a piece of wreck. At the last moment the cat sprang on to his neck and clung there till they were both washed ashore, when she concealed herself among the rocks, and will not probably care any more to tempt the sea.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Englishman on his return from a hunting excursion in India was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. He replied, "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger; but, *if hard pressed*, he sometimes takes it into his head to *hunt you*, and then it has its *drawbacks*."

An infamous old bachelor being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife?—Her-ring.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he's a shaving.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterward that she disagreed with him.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing-girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath, "Judge how we loved him!"

In the Court of Queen's Bench, in a lunacy case, a witness, a laundress, was asked with respect to the defendant, "Was she abstemious?" Witness (evidently not knowing the meaning of the word): "I never saw her so."

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go to who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently—"Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

On a church, whose cellar was rented as a wine-vault, a wag inscribed:

There's a Spirit above
  And a spirit below,
A Spirit of love
  And a spirit of woe—
The Spirit above
  Is the Spirit Divine,
The spirit below
  Is the spirit of wine.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did,' said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

A young man in California, whose New England friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerably-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from friends by return of post, and two or three a day have come ever since, including one from an old (and cold) sweet-heart.

A sentimental cook says: "It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other."

BOOK FOR FISHERMEN.—"Crabbe's Tales."

The gentleman who was lately tied to time has been released.

"I'll drop you a line in a moment," as the fisherman said to the trout.

A company—capital $500,000—has been started to supply non-combustible starch. It has not a chance of success, for it is impossible to conquer the feminine love of a "flame!"

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

If you see a man go into a tavern it is a sure sign he is out of spirits, and likely to be ale-ing.

If a young lady disobeys her father it is apparent she is disobeying.

When a man throws up an appointment he is generally sick of it.

A man going to sleep in a field is sure to "lie on the face of nature."

When a servant-maid is blown up it is usually through her own carelessness.

It is perfectly true that there is but one cat in Catalonia.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to nowadays?" "Oh, I is the carp'ner and jiner." "He! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?" "What department? Why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns the grindstone."

Why is a young lady weeping in secret like a rebel gunboat?—Because it is a *private-tear*.

CALAMITOUS ACCIDENT.—A poor, thoughtless old gentleman sat down, the other day, on the spur of the moment. His screams were frightful.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I really take it very kind,
  This visit, Mrs. Skinner,
I have not seen you such an age—.
  (The creature's come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
  What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the baby, dear—
  (And give it perhaps the measles).

What, little Clara left at home?
  Well, now, I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
  (A flabby, dabby babby).

And Mr. S——, I hope he's well?
  Although he lives so handy,
He never now comes in to sup—
  (The better for my brandy!)

Come, take a seat, I long to hear
  About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day?—
  (Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

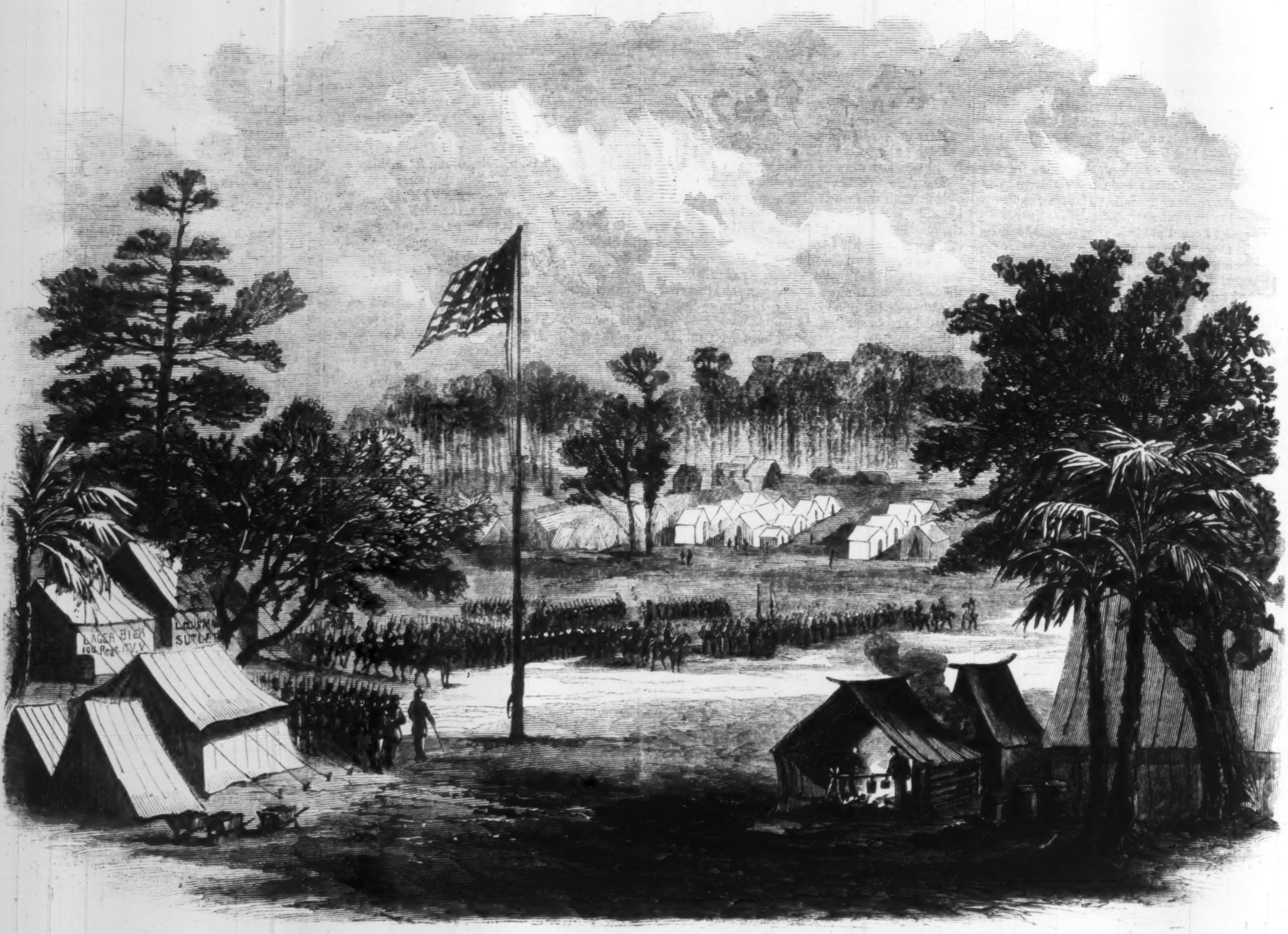
What, must you go?—next time I hope
  You'll give me longer measure;
Nay, I will see you down the stairs—
  (With most uncommon pleasure).

Good-by—good-by—remember all;
  Next time you'll stay to dinner?
(Now, David, mind I'm "not at home"
  In future to the Skinners.)

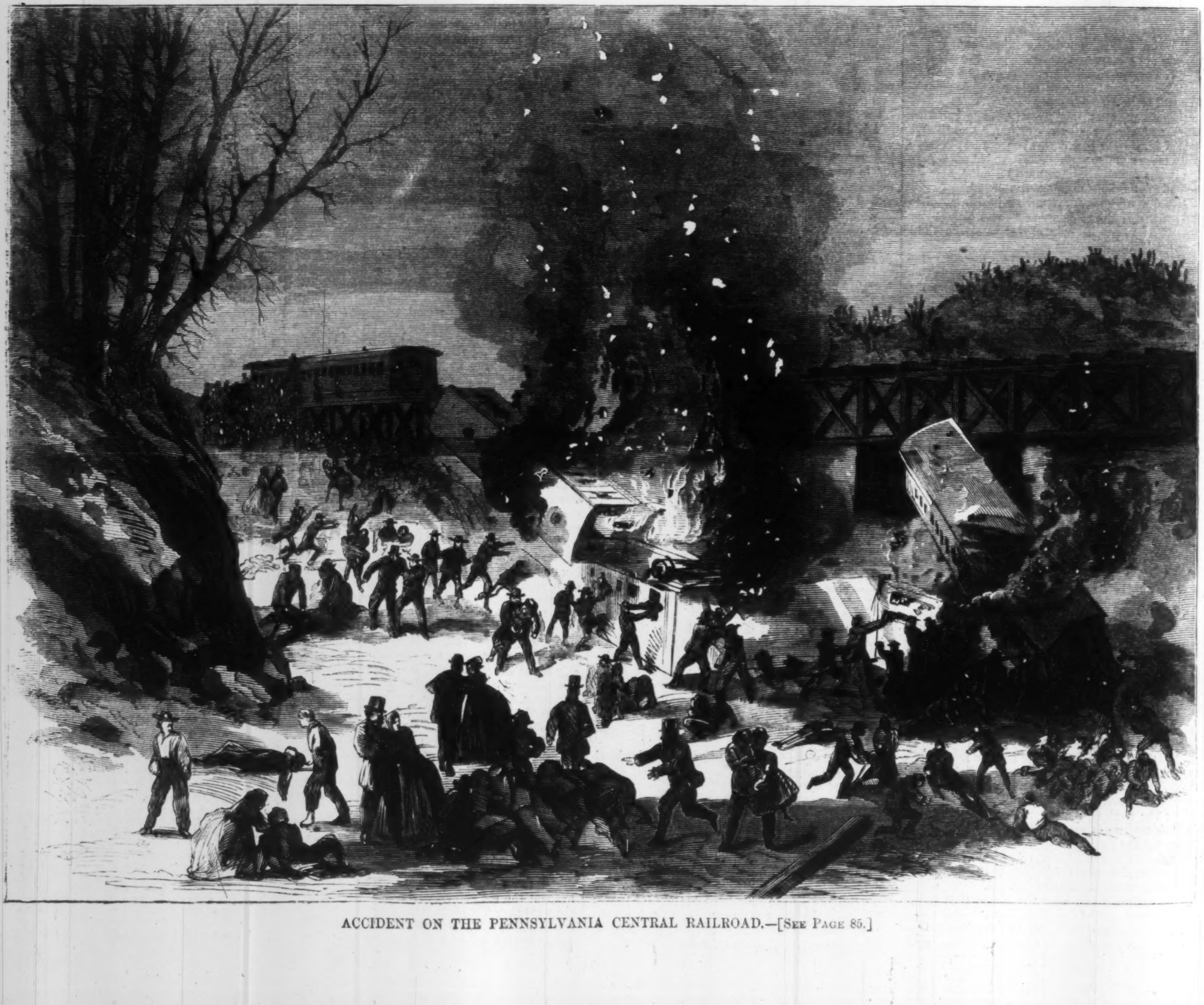
In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

Why is a pig the most provident of animals?—Because he always carries a spare-rib or two about him.

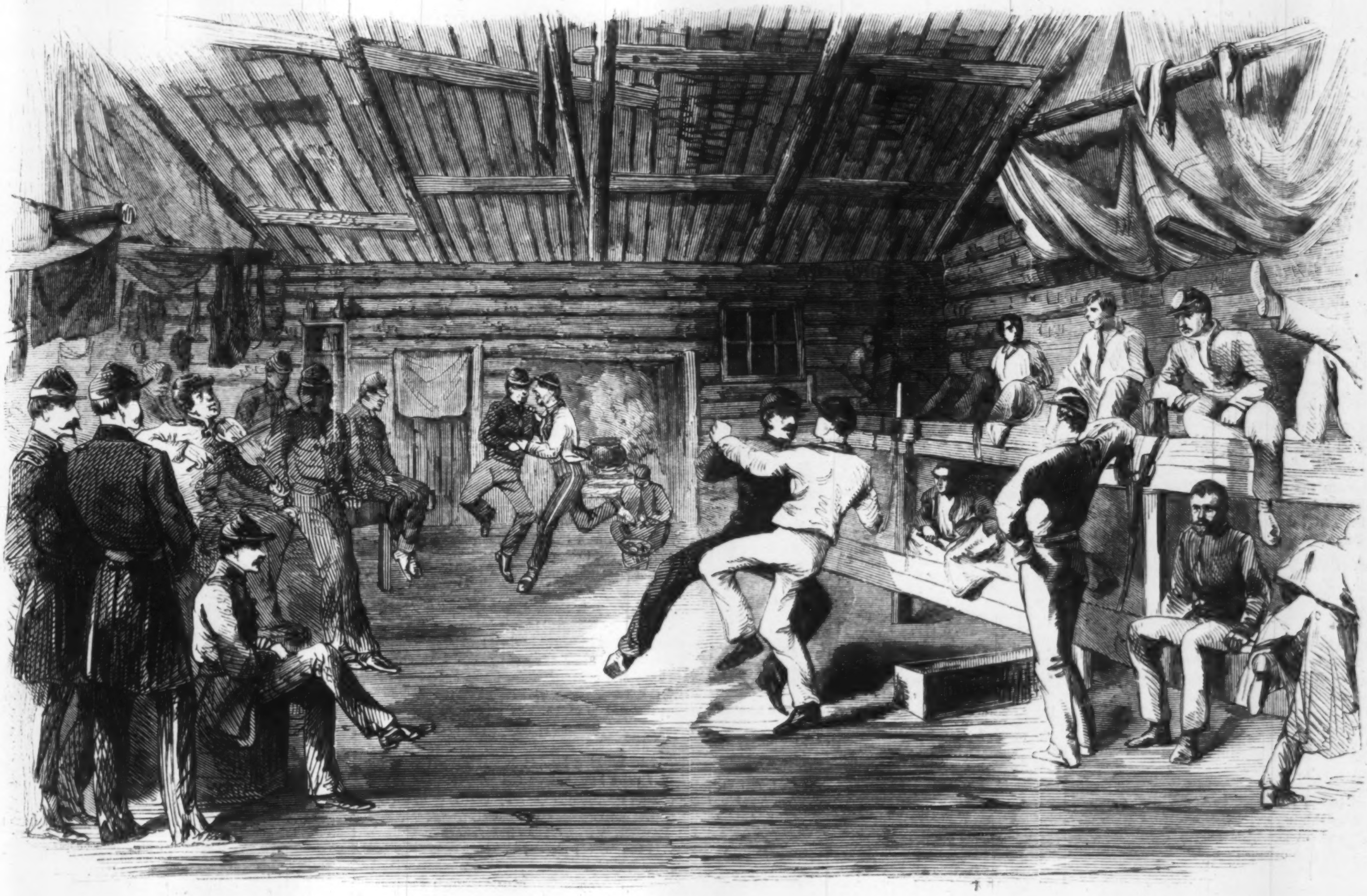
When is a tooth not a tooth?—When it is a-king.


LAGER BIER
103 Regt N.Y.V
SUTLER

CAMP OF THE NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD BEFORE CHARLESTON.—From a Sketch by Colonel W. Heine.—[See Page 85.]



ACCIDENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.—[See Page 85.]



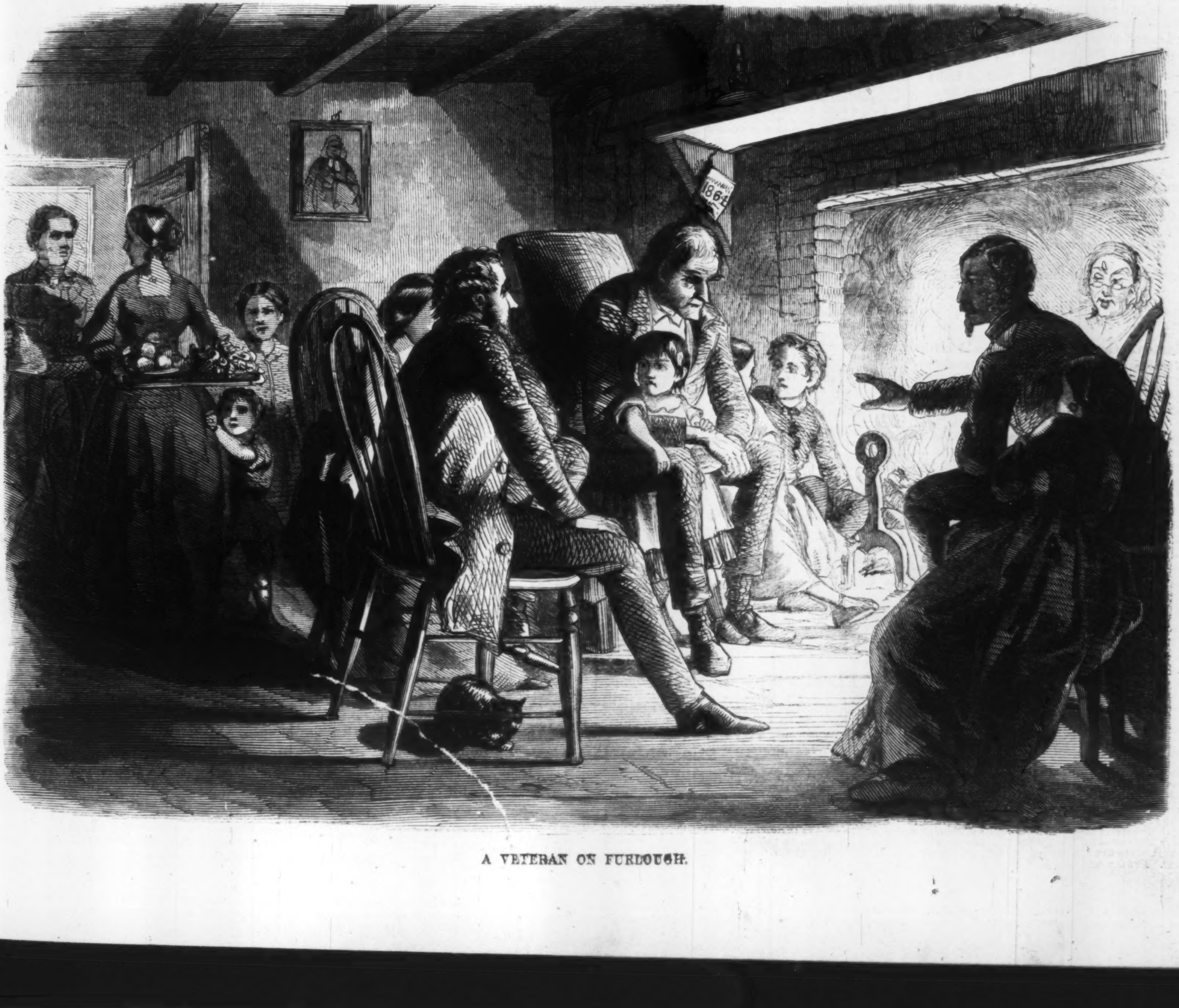
THE STAG DANCE.

THE STAG DANCE.

Our soldiers believe in the literal interpretation of the dictum of the Wise Man that "there is a time to dance." But to put their faith into works is not the easiest thing in the world, owing to the lack of partners of the feminine persuasion. However, by imagining a bearded and pantalooned fellow to be of "t'other kind," they succeed in getting up what they call a "Stag Dance," which is better than none, as is shown by the intense interest evinced by the spectators.

A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

Our Veteran Soldiers, the heroes of many a hard-fought field—and of what is perhaps still harder to endure, of many a long march and weary encampment—are now returning by thousands for a brief visit to their loved ones at home, before returning to the field. The scene which our artist has depicted, where a returned veteran is telling his story of that war, a part of which he was, is this day being enacted in thousands of homes in every section of the broad Union.



A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gaily dress'd, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirr'd,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonnette.

But when they danced the country dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a butter-cup.

And all were dress'd to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

ONWARD.

NOR look, nor footstep backward turn,
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less nepenthe in the urn
Of Memory than despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the weird array
Of spectres false—Delusion's train?
The idols Time has proved of clay
Will ne'er be gold again:
Nor deftest alchemy restore
The treasures that we prized of yore.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows
Have lost their brightness and perfume;
We'll weave our crown from fresher boughs,
And flowers of richer bloom!
And brighter sunbeams than of old
Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of reef or wreck,
Of latent dangers hurried o'er,
Of storms that whilom swept our deck;
Our Pharos shines before,
And gilds the waves that ceaseless sweep
On to the vast eternal deep.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For Indigestion, Heartburn, &c., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by druggists generally. 50 cents per box. Depot No. 207 Centre St., New York, second floor. Sent free by mail for 65 cents.

"LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE."—All, born to love, and to be Loved. Mistakes, Unhappy Marriages, The Remedy, Love—signs, in the face. Secret of Beauty. A Woman's Experience. Falling in Love. To improve the Complexion—with numerous illustrative Portraits—in Jan. Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The first of a new vol. Only 15 cts. Or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

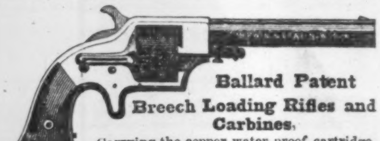
Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.



Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines,

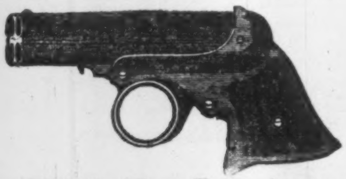
Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunitiion. This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition *alone* makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We *also offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and *loose* ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

New Corps Pin.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our new style Corps Pin, in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, with the Corps designation in Fine Inlaid Enamel in Division colors, being the richest, neatest, and finest Pin ever offered. Mailed free for One Dollar. GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewelers, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

United States Sanitary Commission.

"What is it doing to economise the Life and Health of our Soldiers?"

Is it using all the means Providence has placed within its reach, or is it stiff-necked, and determined that so GREAT a REMEDY as

Brandreth's Pills

shall not be used "to economise the life and health of our Soldiers?"

Sagacious men believe that the administration of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, in its "Homes" and as "Special Relief," would more than quadruple the present value to the "Life and Health of our Soldiers."

Let the following testimony from

SIXTY RETURNED VOLUNTEERS

be studied by members of the United States Sanitary Commission. If these statements are true, can they be doing their duty as CHRISTIAN MEN in not using the means Providence has placed within their reach?

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS,
READ!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROTECT FROM THE ARROWS OF DISEASE, USUALLY AS FATAL TO SOLDIERS AS THE BULLETS OF THE FOE.

SING SING, Oct. 26, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

John Vickers, *Captain*,
J. L. Smith, 1st *Lieutenant*,
William See, 1st *Sergeant*,
G. H. Dearing, 2d *Sergeant*,
Dennis Shay, 3d *Sergeant*,
Patrick Cullen, 4th *Sergeant*,
Benj. F. Brown, 1st *Corporal*
Wm. Mathers, 2d *Corporal*,
Noah W. Miller, 3d *Corporal*,
Theo. Crofut, *Drummer*,
Geo. B. Coe, *Drummer*.

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,
William W. Campbell,
William J. Chariton,
Albert Wesley,
John W. Griffin,
William Holmes,
William W. Rider,
Martin See,
George Ackerley,
Hiram Seagle,
Alfred Wilkins,
William Griffin,
George Ayles,
William J. P. Hewett,
John L. Brandenburgh,
Thomas A. Barlow,
Henry Hannah,
William Waldron,
John Conover,
Jacob Baker,
Lewis B. Cox,
Albert Lane,
Ellis Jones,
Wm. Van Wart,
James B. Crofut,
Roscoe K. Watson,
Frederick Hunt,
William Tuttle,
Jotham Carpenter,
Charles Wright,
Sanford Olmstead,
Fuller Carpenter,
Jamas Bentley,
Robert W. Westcott,
Jacob H. Dyckman,
John M. Bodine,
James N. Dines,
Edgar Waldron,
Warren Wright,
David Baker.
T. B. Lane, 1st *Lieut.*, 38th N. Y. Vols.
M. C. Earle, 1st *Sergt.*, Co. D, 176th N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Knight, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Abram H. Miller, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Millard F. Lanning, *Musician*, 1st N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Kenny, Co. B, Berdan's Sharpshooters.
Cassius Bishop, Co. E, 19th N. Y. Vols.
Elliot See, Co. B, 38th N. Y. Vols.
Daniel Gillis, *Sergt.*, Co. B, 3d N. Y. Vols.
Caleb S. Frisbie, Co. B, 5th N. Y. Vols.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Westchester Co., *ss.:*

I, William M. Skinner, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in the Village of Sing Sing, County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that the names of the sixty persons subscribed to the Certificate, hereto annexed, dated Oct. 26, 1863, concerning the value and efficacy of Brandreth's Pills, beginning with Capt. John Vickers and ending with Caleb S. Frisbie, were signed in my presence, and that I, at their request, witnessed their signatures to said Certificate.

I further certify, that I am well acquainted with all who signed said Certificate, and know them individually to be men of truth and veracity.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my Official Seal, this, eleventh day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. M. SKINNER, Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Westchester, *ss.:*

I, Hiram P. Rowel, Clerk of the County aforesaid, and also Clerk of the Courts in and for said County, DO HEREBY CERTIFY, that

WM. M. SKINNER, ESQUIRE,

whose name is subscribed to the Certificate of the Proof or acknowledgment of the annexed Instrument, and endorsed thereon, was, on the day of the date of the said Certificate, a Notary Public, in and for said County, residing in the said County, appointed and sworn, and duly authorized to take the same according to the laws of the said State. And further, that I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said Notary Public, and verily believe that the Signature to the said Certificate is genuine.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of the said Courts and County, the 12th day of January, 1864.

HIRAM P. ROWEL, Clerk.

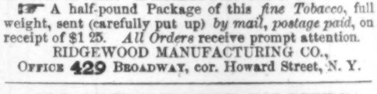
Whiskers! Whiskers!—My Onguent will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent for 25 cents a package, or 5 for One Dollar by mail.

FRANK JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

Head-Quarters for Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

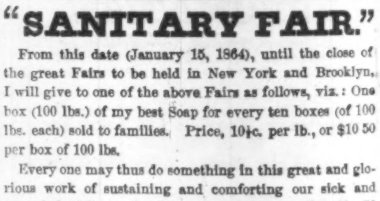
On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Seal Stone Ring; and for $1 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Agents sending for 10 or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to Box 5173, and receive it by return mail. American enameled Metallic Collar Co., 94 Pine St., N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved*. Nothing can excel its *Comfort*, *Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. **FOR THE SOLDIER** OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. *Single cases sent by mail, paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents.*

SKATERS *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers.

☞ A half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail, postage paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

"SANITARY FAIR."

From this date (January 15, 1864), until the close of the great Fairs to be held in New York and Brooklyn, I will give to one of the above Fairs as follows, viz.: One box (100 lbs.) of my best Soap for every ten boxes (of 100 lbs. each) sold to families. Price, 10½c. per lb., or $10 50 per box of 100 lbs.

Every one may thus do something in this great and glorious work of sustaining and comforting our sick and wounded soldiers. Send your orders to my office, No. 70 Washington Street, giving name and residence, and the Soap will be delivered at your residence in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City, free of express charge—you paying $10 50 on delivery of the Soap. When you order, mention that you do so after reading this notice, and I will credit ten lbs. soap to one of the above Fairs—thus making 100 lbs. (or one box) for every ten boxes sold as above.

Orders received from Brooklyn and Long Island will be entered as donating one box in ten to the Brooklyn Fair. All others to the New York Fair.

Persons ordering who do not live in either of the above named four cities will send me $10 50 by mail, and I will deliver the Soap, free of cartage, on board such steamboat or railroad as they may direct.

B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

Beware the Northeaster.

BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS, AND Window Bands.

SAVE ONE HALF THE FUEL; exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from DOORS and WINDOWS. LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE. Address THE PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIP CO., 644 Broadway, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS
& ARMS SELPHO'S PATENT

The best Substitutes for Natural Limbs ever invented. (*Established 24 years.*) 516 Broadway.

NOW READY. THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 40 Engravings, Portraits of Gen. BANKS, Lyndhurst, Beautiful Women, Egyptian Mummies, Sioux Indians in a Scalping Dance, Wild Men, and Beast Children. Babes nursed by the Wolf. Dreams, their Significance, Physiognomy, or Signs of Character, Love, Courtship and Marriage, in the Jan. No. Phrenological Journal, 15 cents by first post. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER, a charming accompaniment to photographic albums. $1 50. Godfrey, 831 B'way, N. Y.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	15 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. Thousands can realize a Hundred Dollars Weekly.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of *two* stamps for return postage.

Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

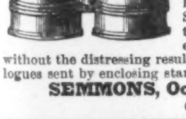
Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.

Use the Electro-Metallic Insoles, Belts, and Armlets. They are an infallible Remedy for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, &c. Mettam & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field*, *Marine*, *Tourists'*, *Opera*, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

Hoyt's Hiawatha Hair Restorative.—Superior to every other preparation for the hair in power to restore faded and gray hair to its original color and natural appearance, to prevent it from falling out, to overcome effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c., and to remove the impurities and humors of the scalp. Invaluable dressing for whiskers.

HOYT'S MINNEHAHA HAIR GLOSS, unexcelled in keeping the hair in curl.

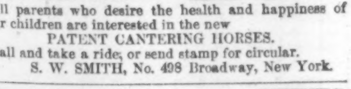
HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM, oils and colors the hair at the same time; changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black.

HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER, imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere. JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

$50 for $20.

SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY.

For **$20** we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the following list of Fine Gold-Plated Jewelry:—4 Vest Chains, 12 Gent.'s Seal Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 6 Vest Hooks, 4 Fancy Watch Keys, 12 Bosom or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Box and Glass Pins for Miniatures, 3 Double Glass Lockets, and 3 Cluster Stone Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.



All parents who desire the health and happiness of their children are interested in the new

PATENT CANTERING HORSES.

Call and take a ride, or send stamp for circular.

S. W. SMITH, No. 498 Broadway, New York.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

SOLDIERS Co. PINS & CORPS BADGES

Every Co., from A to M, and every Corps Badge worn by the Army, constantly on hand, engraved to order, and sent free on receipt of price. Also Cavalry and Artillery Badges. *Premiums* offered to Clubs. Don't fail to send for an Illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

Caution

from

The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The second has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The third has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery grade, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch;" others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.;" others the "P. S. BartLEY," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

Agents for the United States for the Celebrated

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen	$10 25
Or 3 dozen for	25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

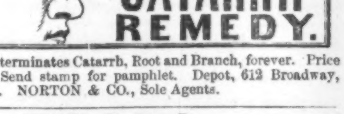
Military and Naval

Collection and Banking Office.—Somes, Brown & Co., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE," a new system of Physiognomy, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Hands, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and How to Read Them," in The Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated for 1864. New vol. $1 50 a year. Address Fowler & Wells, N.Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.



Exterminates Catarrh, Root and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 612 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Rifled Ordnance.

A practical treatise on the application of THE RIFLE to Guns and Mortars of every calibre. To which is added a new theory of the initial action and force of fired gunpowder. First American, from the fifth revised English edition. By Lynall Thomas, F.R.S.L. In one volume octavo, with illustrations. Price $2.

Copies sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Just published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, New York.

Redpath's Books for the Camp Fires.

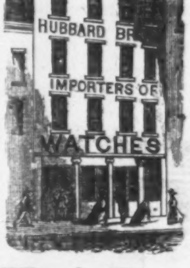
No. 1 (96 12mo pp., good paper, new type, neatly bound in greenbacks) is now ready and for sale by all newsdealers.

No. 1 contains: "ON Picket DUTY, and other TALES." By L. M. Alcott, author of Hospital Sketches. "Miss Alcott is a woman of genius."—*Boston Traveler.* "Has a brilliant literary career before her."—*D. A. Wasson.* "I am delighted with your beautiful papers."—*Henry James.* "Has wit, humor, pathos, power of brief and vivid description."—*Wide World.* "The reader is alternately moved to laughter and tears."—*Waterbury American.* A pageful of flattering notices of Miss Alcott's first book could be given. This new volume will increase her reputation.

Price, TEN CENTS.

Wholesaled by H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co, N. Y.; J. R. Walsh, Chicago; James Redpath, Publisher, Boston. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.



WATCHES

for

THE ARMY.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered.—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

For accuracy of movement, beauty of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, these watches must insure

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

At Wholesale only! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, invariably in advance. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, *used to Book-work.* Apply to Mr. Marsh, Foreman of Harper & Brothers' Composing Room, N. Y.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent

Officers of the Army and Navy,
Statesmen, Divines,
Actors, Artists,
Foreign Celebrities, etc., etc.

20 cents each. $1 80 per dozen. *Free by mail.*

Address
J. W. EVERETT & CO.
Box 1614. N. Y. City.
☞ Send for a Circular.

The Beard, &c.

IN those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the person is over 18, by its remarkable nourishing and stimulating power, the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balsam has been found infallible, in exciting the Beard, Moustache, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth. The history of this Balsam, with a small sample box, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage.

JOHN RAWLINS, 815 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the Army.

New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Silver Composite Hunting Cases, *with new Patent Time Indicator, to save trouble of opening case, just invented for the benefit of our brave soldiers.* The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15.

Every Officer should have the DOUBLE TIME DUPLEX STOP WATCH.—This highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different Indexes for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds with Superior adjusted Stop, to be used in training horses, and also by Sportsmen, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $38.

All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Catalogue. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.

All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.

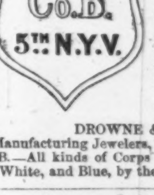
ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches,
212 Broadway, New York.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Of great power, from **$3 50** to **$25**. Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also Powerful Microscopes at $3. B. H. HORN, Manufacturing Optician, 212 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Fulton St. Send for circular.

THE HOME MELODIST

Contains nearly One Hundred Favorite Songs. It is exceedingly convenient in size, and neat and attractive in style. This unique volume, bound in cloth, and comprising choice pieces, which in another form costs twice as many dollars, will be sent, *postage free*, on the receipt of *only twenty-five cents*, by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.


I.A. MILLER
Co. B.
5TH N.Y.V.

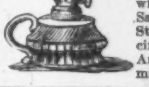
In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—All kinds of Corps and Co. Pins, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the one, 100, or 1000.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER, with the Answers. By Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., Author of "The Power of Prayer," "Travels in Europe and the East," "Life of Rev. Dr. Murray," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Adventures of Philip," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Half Morocco, $2 25.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN. By Paul de Musset. Translated by Emily Makepeace. Illustrated by Charles Bennett. Square 4to, Cloth gilt, 60 cents.

VERY HARD CASH. A Novel founded on Facts. By Charles Reade, Author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 75 cents.

HISTORY OF THE SIOUX WAR AND MASSACRES OF 1862 AND 1863. By Isaac V. D. Heard. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HEAD'S DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Daily Walk with Wise Men; or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and specially Adapted, by Rev. Nelson Head. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By Miss Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States on receipt of the Price.*

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For February, 1864.

Contents:

SIMON KENTON.

Illustrations.—Kenton's First Victory.—Daniel Morgan.—Boone's Fort.—Finding the Remains.—Daniel Boone.—Kenton saving Boone.—A Fraternal Hug.—Kenton and Girty.—Kenton and Logan.—Kenton and his Deliverer.—George Rogers Clarke.—Kenton and Fletcher.—Simon Kenton.

MONOMOY.

Illustrations.—Whitewash Village.—A Monomoyer—Map of Monomoy.—The Light-House.—Take her on the Wind.—The Wreck.—Family Wood-Pile.—At the Monomoit House.—The Pedagogue.—Clamming at Monomoy.

A WOMAN'S WORDS.

THE "GEOMETER" OR MEASURING WORM.

Illustrations.—Twigs, with Eggs and Chrysalis.—The Geometer.

EPISODIC FARMING.

THE THREE WATCHERS.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

Chapter XLVI. John Eames at his Office.
Chapter XLVII. The new Private Secretary.
Chapter XLVIII. Nemesis.

Illustrations.—In Town.—"Why, on Earth, on Sunday?"

A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.—(With Portait.)

EDINBURGH ATER FLODDEN.—(With Illustration.)

JOHN HEATHBURN'S TITLE. Part I.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

ON THE STAGE. By Frances Anne Kemble.

MEHETABLE ROGERS'S CRANBERRY SWAMP.

PICKED UP.

FOUR DAYS AT GETTYSBURG.

OUR BRIDGET.

A GOSSIP ABOUT FIRES.

RENAN AND HIS BOOK.—(With Portrait.)

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Illustrations.—A Copperhead Orator.—Sound Advice.—The Way they do it.—Bob's Grievance.—Good Coarse Hair.—Lily's Order.—Difficulties of Dentists.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Illustrations.—Street Dress.—Morning Toilet.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for Four Months	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25. *Payment invariably in advance.*

Terms to Advertisers.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI. and VII. for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, and 1863 of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $5 00 each, are now ready.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.